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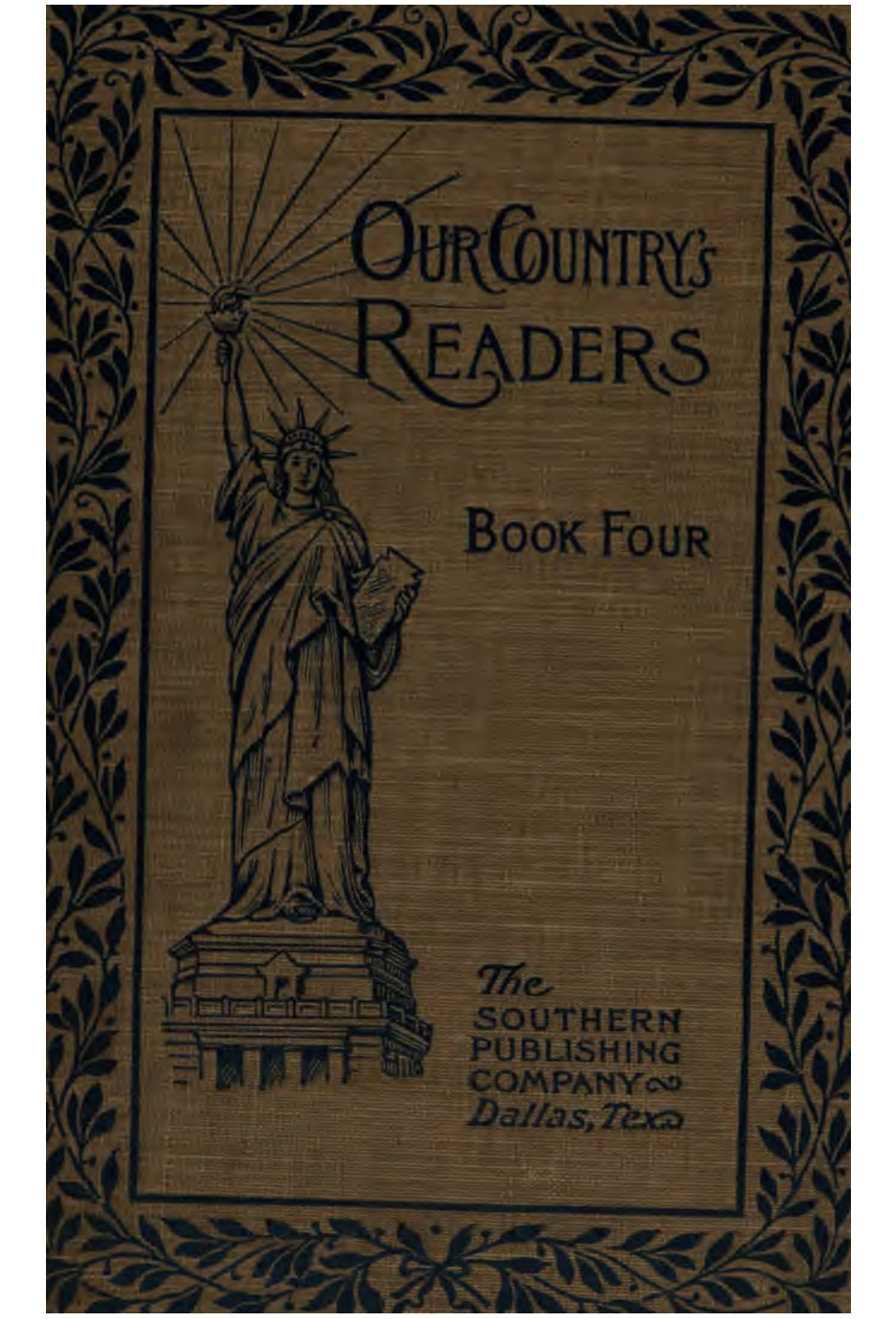
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OUR COUNTRY'S READERS

BOOK FOUR

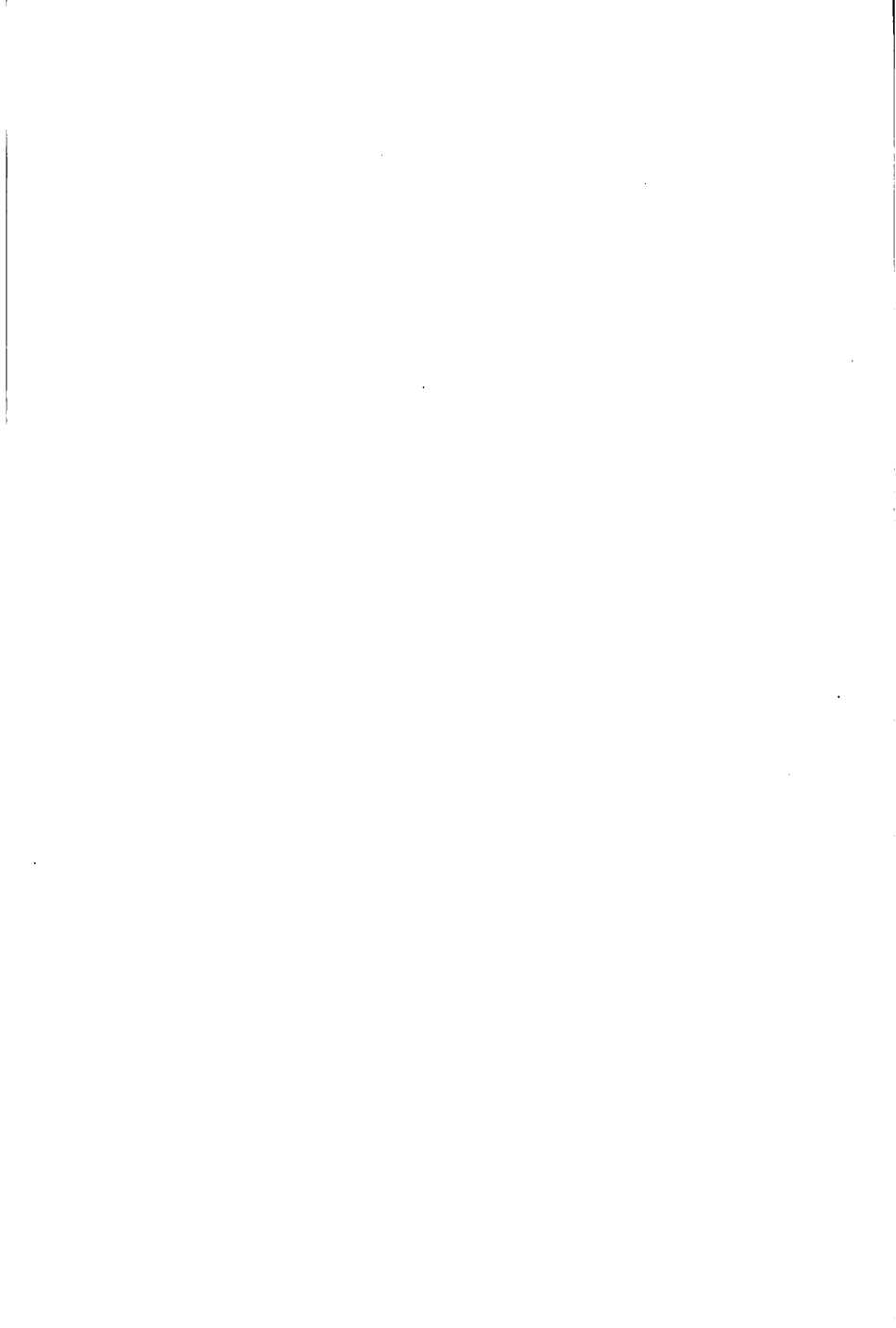
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OUR COUNTRY'S READERS

BOOK FOUR

BY

LEONARD LEMMON

DALLAS, TEXAS

THE SOUTHERN PUBLISHING COMPANY

1903

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PREFACE

The Readers of this series have at least one important distinction: they are composed almost entirely of selections from our own authors. Of the thirty-seven pieces in this reader, twenty-eight are from American writers. Seven selections have been made from the few books of foreign origin that have come to be regarded as juvenile classics, and two from the Bible.

The proportion of foreign and of native literature in American readers has been usually just the reverse of this, giving the great part to foreign writers and a small part to our own writers. And the native selections included have most often been those on which the copyright had expired or that had never been copyrighted.

Quite a different plan has been followed here. The first design has been to present our own authors. The ground of choice has been solely one of fitness. Each selection from our native authors has been made on the ground of its representative nature, or of its special application to phases of our own home life. The result is the embodiment of an expensive collection of copyrighted material; but we believe the character of this material justifies the expense and labor incurred.

In view of the fact that the selections are from American authors, about American subjects, for American youths, it seemed appropriate to call the series "Our Country's Readers."

The selections presented are from the latest authorized readings, and correspond to the author's approved editions.

The grading has been made with the utmost care, both from principle and theory and from actual tests with pupils.

Lists of words that may need pronunciation or explanation follow the selections.

Short biographical sketches of our best known authors precede the readings. Nothing in the way of criticism is attempted, but the simple facts in the authors' lives and in the history of the books may be useful to teachers in inculcating, and to pupils in forming, a taste for literature.

Finally, it may be seen that there is not—with the exception of "The Forty Thieves," which has become a world's classic—an anonymous selection in this book. Nor is there an "adaptation."

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OUR COUNTRY'S READERS

BOOK FOUR



OUR COUNTRY'S READERS

THE CONSTANT TIN SOLDIER

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

PART ONE

1. There were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers; they were all brothers, for they had all been born of one old tin spoon. They shouldered their muskets, and looked straight before them; their uniform was red and blue, and very splendid. The first thing they had heard in the world, when the lid was taken off their box, had been the words "Tin Soldiers!" These words were uttered by a little boy, clapping his hands. The soldiers had been given to him, for it was his birthday, and now he put them upon the table. Each soldier was exactly like the rest; but one of them had been cast last of all, and there had not been enough tin to finish him; but he stood as firmly upon his one leg as the others on their two, and it was just this Soldier who became remarkable.

2. On the table on which they had been placed stood many other playthings, but the toy that attracted most attention was a neat castle of cardboard. Through the little windows one could see straight into the hall. Before the castle some little trees were placed round a little looking-glass, which was to represent a clear lake. Waxen swans swam on this lake, and were mirrored in it. This was all very pretty; but the prettiest of all was a Little Lady, who stood at the open door of the castle—she, also, was cut out in paper, but she had a dress of the clearest gauze, and a little narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders that looked like a scarf; and in the middle of this ribbon was a shining tinsel rose as big as her whole face. The Little Lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer, and then she lifted one leg so high that the Tin Soldier could not see it at all, and thought that, like himself, she had but one leg.

3. "That would be the wife for me," thought he; "but she is very grand. She lives in a castle, and I have only a box, and there are five-and-twenty of us in that. It is no place for her. But I must try to make acquaintance with her." And then he lay down at full length behind a snuff-box which was on the table; there he could easily watch the dainty Little Lady, who continued to stand upon one leg without losing her balance.

4. When the evening came, all the other tin soldiers

were put into their box, and the people in the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play at "visiting," and at "war," and "giving balls." The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to join, but could not lift the lid. The nutcracker threw somersaults, and the pencil amused itself by writing on the table; there was so much noise that the canary woke up



THE LID FLEW OFF THE SNUFF-BOX

and began to speak, too, and even in verse. The only two who did not stir from their places were the Tin Soldier and the Dancing Lady; she stood straight up on the point of one of her toes, and stretched out both her arms; and he was just as enduring on his one leg; and he never turned his eyes away from her.

5. Now the clock struck twelve—and, bounce! the lid flew off the snuff-box; but there was no snuff in it, but

a little black Goblin: you see, it was a trick-box. "Tin Soldier!" said the Goblin, "don't stare at things that don't concern you." But the Tin Soldier pretended not to hear him. "Just you wait till to-morrow!" said the Goblin.

6. But when the morning came, and the children got up, the Tin Soldier was placed in the window; and whether it was the Goblin or the draught that did it, all at once the window flew open, and the Soldier fell head over heels out of the third story. That was a terrible passage! He put his leg straight up, and stuck with helmet and bayonet downward, between the paving-stones.

PART TWO

7. The servant-maid and the little boy came down directly to look for him, but though they almost trod upon him, they did not see him. If the Soldier had cried out "Here I am!" they would have found him; but he did not think it fitting to call out loudly, because he was in uniform.

Now it began to rain; the drops soon fell thicker, and at last it came down in a complete stream. When the rain was past, two street boys came by. "Just look!" said one of them, "there lies a Tin Soldier. He must come out and ride in the boat."

8. They made a boat out of a newspaper, and put the Tin Soldier in the middle of it; and so he sailed

down the gutter, and the two boys ran beside him and clapped their hands. Goodness preserve us! how the waves rose in that gutter, and how fast the stream ran! But then it had been a heavy rain. The paper boat rocked up and down, and sometimes turned round so



THE TIN SOLDIER TAKES A RIDE

rapidly that the Tin Soldier trembled; but he remained firm, and never changed countenance, and looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket.

9. All at once the boat went into a long drain, and it became as dark as if he had been in his box.

"Where am I going now?" he thought. "Yes, yes, that's the Goblin's fault. Ah! if the Little Lady only sat here with me in the boat, it might be twice as dark for what I should care."

Suddenly there came a great Water Rat, which lived under the drain.

"Have you a passport," said the Rat. "Give me your passport." But the Tin Soldier kept silence, and held his musket tighter than ever.

10. The boat went on, but the Rat came after it. Hu! how he gnashed his teeth, and called out to the bits of straw and wood. "Hold him! hold him! He hasn't paid toll—he hasn't shown his passport."

11. But the stream became stronger and stronger. The Tin Soldier could see the bright daylight where the arch ended, but he heard a roaring noise, which might well frighten a bolder man. Only think, just where the tunnel ended, the drain ran into a great canal; and for him that would have been as dangerous as for us to be carried down a great waterfall.

12. Now he was already so near it that he could not stop. The boat was carried out, the poor Tin Soldier stiffening himself as much as he could, and no one could say that he moved an eyelid. The boat whirled round three or four times, and was full of water to the very edge—it must sink. The Tin Soldier stood up to his neck in water, and the boat sank deeper and deeper,

and the paper was loosened more and more; and now the water closed over the Soldier's head. Then he thought of the pretty little Dancer, and how he should never see her again; and in the Soldier's ears sounded the lines:

Farewell, farewell, thou warrior brave,
For this day thou must die!

13. And now the paper parted, and the Tin Soldier fell out; but at that moment he was snapped up by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was in that fish's body! It was darker yet than in the drain tunnel—and then it was very narrow, too. But the Tin Soldier remained unmoved, and lay at full length, shouldering his musket.

14. The fish swam to and fro; he made the most wonderful movements, and then became quite still. At last something flashed through him like lightning. The daylight shone quite clear, and a voice said aloud, "The Tin Soldier!" The fish had been caught, carried to market, bought, and taken into the kitchen, where the cook cut him open with a large knife. She seized the Soldier round the body with both hands, and carried him into the room, where all were anxious to see the remarkable man who had traveled about in the inside of a fish. But the Tin Soldier was not at all proud.

15. They placed him on the table, and there—no! What curious things may happen in the world. The Tin Soldier was in the very room in which he had been

before! he saw the same children, and the same toys stood on the table; and there was the pretty castle with the graceful little Dancer. She was still balancing herself on one leg, and held the other extended in the air. She was constant, too. That moved the Tin Soldier; he was very nearly weeping tin tears, but that would not have been proper. He looked at her, but they said nothing to each other.

16. Then one of the little boys took the Tin Soldier and threw him into the stove. He gave no reason for doing this. It must have been the fault of the Goblin in the snuff-box.



AND THAT WAS THE END

The Tin Soldier stood there quite illuminated, and felt a heat that was terrible; but whether this heat came from the real fire or from love he did not know. The colors had quite gone off from him; but whether that had happened on the journey or had been caused by grief no one could say. He looked at the Little Lady, she looked at him, and he felt that he was melting; but he still stood firm, shouldering his musket.

17. Then, suddenly the door flew open, and the draught of air caught the Dancer, and she flew like a sylph just into the stove to the Tin Soldier, and flashed up in a flame, and she was gone. Then the Tin Soldier melted down into a lump; and when the servant-maid took the ashes out next day, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the Dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, and that was burned as black as a coal.

mirrored—reflected as in a looking-glass.

goblin—ghost or evil spirit.

helmet—piece of armor for head.

canal—waterway made by man.

illuminated—lighted.

tinsel—showy finery.

My heart leaps up when I behold,
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

KITTYKIN AND HER PART IN THE WAR

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE



Page (1853-), a native of Virginia, is descended from old families prominent in the Revolution and in Southern history. Thomas Nelson, from whom he is named, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. The author began practical life as a lawyer, but his love of Southern history and life led him into literature. He first gained general attention through two short stories, "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady." They are touching and dramatic incidents of the War related by old negro servants of the families that play parts in the stories. They are written in dialect, giving with great fidelity the language of the old Southern "Darkey."

These two short stories are, in imagination and treatment, among the best in our language. As time passed, their author added several others, till he now has some volumes composed of short stories.

The author has not confined himself to fiction. He has made several valuable studies of problems of Southern life. He has some essays on the literary life of the South and several on political subjects.

His longest book is "Red Rock," a novel portraying the conditions of life in Virginia just after the War. This is the best novel written of the time and region it so faithfully and fairly portrays.

The novelist's heart naturally turns to children. He delights in writing for them, and some of his best work springs from his love for them. The selection printed below comes from "Among the Camps," a series of sketches of children in war times. "Two Little Confederates" gives the adventures of two young boys who are captured by Union soldiers. "Santa Claus's Partner," the story of a little girl who, through a generous relation, was enabled to help Santa Claus make Christmas bright for many little friends, is a story dear to the hearts of all good people, young or old.

1. Evelyn suddenly remembered Kittykin. "Where was she?" The last time she had seen her was a half hour before, when she had been lying curled up on the back steps fast asleep in the sun. Suppose she should be there now. She would certainly be killed, for the back steps ran right out into the yard, so as to be just the place for Kittykin to be shot. So thought Evelyn. "Bang! bang!" went the guns again—somewhere. Evelyn dragged a chair up to a window and looked. Her heart almost stopped, for there, out in the yard, quite clear of the houses, was Kittykin, standing some way up the trunk of a tall locust tree, looking curiously around. Her little white body shone like a small patch of snow against the dark brown bark. Evelyn sprang down from the chair, and, forgetting everything, rushed through the entry and out of doors.

"Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!" she called. "Kittykin, come here! You'll be killed! Come here, Kittykin!"

2. Kittykin, however, was in for a game, and as her

little mistress, with her golden hair flying in the breeze, ran toward her, she rushed scampering still higher up the tree. Evelyn could see that there were some men scattered out in the fields on either side of her, some of them stooping, and some lying down, and as she ran on toward the tree she heard a "Bang! bang!" on each side, and she saw little puffs of white smoke, and something went "Zoo-ee-ee" up in the air; but she did not think about herself she was so frightened for Kittykin.

3. "Kitty, Kitty! Come down, Kittykin!" she called, running up to the tree and holding up her arms to her. Kittykin might, perhaps, have liked to come down now, but she could no longer do so; she was too high up. She looked down, first over one shoulder and then over the other, but it was too high to jump. She could not turn around, and her head began to swim. She grew so dizzy, she was afraid she might fall, so she dug her little sharp claws into the bark and began to cry.

4. Evelyn would have run back to tell her mamma (who, having sent the baby down-stairs to mammy, was still busy up-stairs trying to hide some things, and so she did not know she was out in the yard), but she was so afraid Kittykin might be killed that she could not let her get out of her sight; indeed, she was so absorbed in Kittykin that she forgot all about every-



"I WANT MY KITTYKIN"

thing else. She even forgot all about the soldiers. But though she did not notice the soldiers, it seemed that some of them had observed her. Just as the leader of the Confederate picket line was about to give an order to make a dash for the houses in the yard, to his horror he saw a little girl in a white dress and with flying hair suddenly run out into the clear space right between him and the soldiers on the other side, and stop under a tree just in the line of their fire. His heart jumped into his mouth as he sprung to his feet and waved his hands wildly to call attention to the child. Then shouting to his men to stop firing, he walked out in front of the line, and came at a rapid stride down the slope. The others all stood still and almost held their breaths for fear some one would shoot; but no one did. Evelyn was so busy trying to coax Kittykin down that she did not notice anything until she heard some one call out:

"For heaven's sake, run into the house—quick!"

5. She looked around and saw the gentleman hurrying toward her. He appeared to be very much excited.

"What on earth are you doing out here?" he gasped, as he came running up to her.

He was a young man, with just a little light mustache and with a little gold braid on the sleeves of his gray jacket, and though he seemed very much surprised, he looked very kind.

6. "I want my Kittykin," said Evelyn, answering

him, and looking up the tree, with a little wave of her hand toward where Kittykin still clung tightly. Somehow she felt at that moment that this gentleman could help her better than any one else.

7. Kittykin, however, apparently thought differently about it; for she suddenly stopped mewling; and as if she felt it unsafe to be so near a stranger, she climbed carefully up until she reached a limb, in the crotch of which she ensconced herself, and peeped curiously over at them with a look of great satisfaction in her face, as much as to say, "Now I'm safe. I'd like to see you get me."

8. The gentleman was stroking Evelyn's hair, and was looking at her very intently, when a voice called to him from the other side:

"Hello, Johnny! What's the matter?"

9. Evelyn looked around, and saw another gentleman coming toward them. He was older than the first one, and had on a blue coat, while the first had on a gray one. She knew one was a Confederate and the other was a Yankee, and for a second she was afraid they might shoot each other, but her first friend called out:

"Her kitten is up the tree. Come ahead!"

10. He came on, and looked for a second up at Kittykin, but he looked at Evelyn really hard, and suddenly stooped down, and putting his arms around

her, drew her up to him. She got over her fear in a minute.

"Kittykin's up there, and I'm afraid she'll be kilt." She waved her hand up over her head, where Kittykin was taking occasion to put a few more limbs between herself and the enemy.

11. "Hello! what's up?" some of them called out.

"Her kitten's up," said the first two; and, to make good their words, Kittykin, not liking so many people below her, shifted her position again, and went up to a fresh limb, from which she again peeped over at them. The men all gathered around Evelyn, and began to talk to her, and both she and Kittykin were surprised to hear them joking and laughing together in the friendliest way.

12. "What are you doing out here?" they asked. And to all she made the same reply:

"I want my Kittykin."

absorbed—to be taken up with.

Confederate—soldier of the Southern army.

apparently—without doubt.

ensconced—hidden; sheltered.

intently—closely.

Yankee—term applied to Union soldier.

Life is real! Life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal;

Dust thou art, to dust returnest

Was not spoken of the soul.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A STORY FOR A CHILD

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

1. Little one, come to my knee!
Hark how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
And the wind in the woods a-roaring!
2. Hush, my darling, and listen,
Then pay for the story with kisses:
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
In just such a storm as this is!
3. High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited;
Wolves in the forest and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated.
4. The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.
5. I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

6. There, from the blowing and raining
Crouching, I sought to hide me:
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.
7. Little one, be not frightened;
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night,
Hid from the awful weather.
8. His wet fur pressed against me;
Each of us warmed the other:
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
That beast and man was brother.
9. And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place
Forth in the wild, wet morning.
10. Darling, kiss me in payment!
Hark how the wind is roaring:
Father's house is a better place
When the stormy rain is pouring.

belated—caused to be late.

stunned—made dizzy or senseless.

crouching—bending low.

rustled—noise as of dry leaves.

THE STORY OF RAPHAEL'S MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

BY MRS. JEAN SHERWOOD

1. All children love pictures—but I am sure you will love this picture better if you know its sweet story—the story of how, four hundred years ago, Raphael, the great Italian artist, painted the Madonna of the Chair, and why it is a round picture. It is called the Madonna of the Chair because, you see, the mother is sitting in a chair. She is holding a beautiful child. She has a turban around her head, a rich silk turban, making her look a little like an Oriental mother. It is a colored turban in pink, blue and green. There is a scarf about her shoulders, and she clasps the Christ Child very tenderly in her arms. Right by her knee is the little St. John, who holds a cross in his hand as he looks lovingly at the Christ Child.

2. This story begins as all true stories begin—"Once upon a time." So this old story begins in this way. Once upon a time there was a hermit that lived up in the mountains in Italy, not very far from the town of Urbino which crowns a gray old mountain, where Raphael, the painter, was born. The hermit's name was Bernardo. He was an old man, but he was such a kind, good old man that all the people loved him. All

his life he had lived in the city; but after his hair grew white and he was old and a little sad, he longed to live quietly, nearer the sky. So he went up there on the mountain side and built a little hut of logs under the spreading branches of a great oak tree. When his hut was finished, he began to go out among the people, to help those who were sick, and comfort those in trouble. No one ever lived there that was so kind as this good old man Bernardo. So the people learned to love and trust him.

3. Not very far away from his rude hut was a small cottage, and there was a little vineyard planted upon the side of the mountain; it was owned by a man who had a little daughter by the name of Mary. The man's wife had died when Mary was only four or five years old, and Mary had learned very early to take care of her father's house. She made the bread and set the table and swept the floor and kept the little house tidy, and sometimes she worked in the vineyard. So Mary was her father's greatest comfort. When she was eleven years old the hermit came to live near them, and she often went up there with a bowl of soup for him, and very soon they became great friends.

4. Little Mary was very proud of her housekeeping, and every time she had anything that was especially nice to eat she would carry it up for her friend to taste. After a while the father asked Bernardo to come and



MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

live with them, but the hermit said he was perfectly comfortable, and begged to stay in his poor home. Now in that country there come sudden storms upon the mountains, terrible storms, almost like cloudbursts. The rain sweeps down the mountain side in a torrent, swelling into a raging river, uprooting trees, and loosening rocks which go crashing down and spreading destruction. Mary was afraid that one of these storms would come and sweep away Bernardo's hut. The cottage where she lived was protected by a great wall of rock; but the old hut of the hermit was exposed, and all were afraid he would perish some stormy night; but he thought there was no danger.

5. Then one night there came a dreadful storm, and Mary heard the rain beating and the water and stones rushing down the mountain side, and she feared for the old man. As soon as the daylight came, she ran up the mountain path to the old oak tree, and behold! there was nothing left of the little hut. She called and called, and no one answered for a long time; but at last she heard a faint voice up in the branches of the great oak tree, and she looked up and saw the old hermit, who, when the storm carried the hut away, had just strength enough to catch the low branches and pull himself up out of danger, and there he was clinging, very weak and faint. So Mary ran as fast as she could and brought her father, and they took him down.

6. Bernardo did not live long after that night. Before very long his loving heart ceased to beat, and his body was laid away in the ground. But when he was dying he expressed a wish—it was that his two friends, the great oak tree, and Mary, might be glorified together in some way.

7. Years went by and Mary grew up to be a young woman, and inherited the little vineyard. She married a young vinedresser, and they were very happy. By and by two sweet children came into the little home and called her mother. One day the young mother was sitting outside her cottage door; it was in the spring; the air was full of fragrance from the blossoming vines. She was resting in her chair quietly holding the youngest baby in her lap and smiling upon the play of the beautiful boy at her side—a little curly-headed fellow who had bound two pieces of grapevine into the shape of a cross, and held it up eagerly for his mother to see. Just then a young man came by. He had a portfolio in his hand, and as soon as he caught sight of this lovely group of the mother and children, he stopped and said: "I am a painter. Will you let me paint a picture of you and the children?"

8. It was Raphael, the great artist, who had been sketching in the mountains, and was on his way to Florence. Receiving permission from the young mother, Raphael opened his portfolio, but found he

had no paper left. He looked all around for something upon which to draw. He could not lose this beautiful picture.

9. In one corner of the yard was a pile of casks, or barrels, that were made ready to hold the wine when the grapes were ripe. So he brought one of these casks and commenced to draw Mary and the children upon the round top—and the picture he drew is this picture of the Madonna of the Chair. After he had made the drawing he carried it away to Florence to paint it—and there it is to-day, the beautiful painting by Raphael in the Pitti Palace.

10. This picture is one of the most delightful in the world, and people come from all countries to look upon it. Mary's beautiful face that is perpetuated will never grow old. But, strange to say, the top of the wine cask upon which Raphael painted was made out of the old oak tree, for it had blown down in a storm, and they had taken the wood and made casks of it. So the wish of the good old hermit came true, and that is why the picture is round, and is just as large as the top of a barrel.

11. The last time I was in the beautiful city of Florence I went to look once more at that lovely picture of the Madonna of the Chair, that I might carry away with me the remembrance of its wonderful color and the tender beauty of the mother's face. I went early

one morning to the Pitti Palace. This palace is the dwelling place of the Queen of Italy. When she goes to Florence from the royal city of Rome, her home is in the Pitti Palace. The King and Queen have opened some of the rooms to the people, so that one can go into the galleries at any time to see the pictures.

12. Queen Marguerite of Italy is called the Pearl of Savoy. She is very beautiful and dearly loved by the Italian people. This morning, on going into the gallery, I walked straight to that picture, where it hangs beside a door. There was no one in the room but myself. While I stood looking at it and wishing I could carry it home with me so that all the children in America could see it, a lady came in through this door and turned also to look at the picture.

13. The lady was tall, and dressed in pure white, her eyes were kind, her hair the color of gold; and as I looked up at her I saw it was Marguerite of Italy. I had seen her many times in Rome, as she was riding in her beautiful carriage. So, as I looked up in her face I smiled, and she smiled upon me and said in English: "I am glad you like the picture; it is the one I love best."

Madonna—name applied to the mother of Christ.

turban—a headdress.

hermit—one who lives alone.

fragrance—sweetness of smell.

portfolio—a cover in book form for holding papers.

Ur-bi-no (ör-bē'-no).

Ra-pha-el (rā'-fā-el).

Ber-nar-do (bēr-nār'-dō).

Pit-ti Pal-ace (pēt' (ē).

I-tal-ian (ī-tāl'-yan).

DILLY BAL

(From "Gabriel Tolliver")

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS



Harris (1848-) is a native of Georgia. He prepared himself to practice law ; but he has given his time to journalism and to literature. He has his home in Atlanta, where, for many years, he has been one of the editors of the "Constitution."

His first literary work was a series of marvellous folk-stories about animals, told in the dialect of the Southern negro of old days. In these tales we are introduced to an interesting world,

where "Brer Fox," and "Brer Rabbit," and "Brer Tarrypin," and other "beastes," have a continual contest of wits in many humorous and more or less dramatic situations. These stories appeared first in the magazines and were immediately popular. They opened up a fresh and rich literary field. The first volume composed of these sketches was called "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings." After a time, a second volume, composed of the same kind of sketches, from the same inimitable story-teller, "Uncle Remus," appeared under the title of "Nights with Uncle Remus."

The author occupies the field of the negro folk-stories almost alone ; but he has done much fine work outside of it in short stories of Southern life. "Gabriel Tolliver," the novel from which the selection below is taken, is a perfect picture of the brighter side of life in the South in the period following the war.

1. If the reader, seated on the magic cloak of some competent story-teller, were transported to the heart of Africa, where the mountains, with their feet in the jungle, reach the moon, or to China, or the Islands of the Sea, the hero of the tale would be the same. His name is Dilly Bal, and he carries on his operations wherever there are stars in the sky. He is a restless and roving creature, flitting to and fro between all points of the compass.

2. When King Sun crawls into his trundle bed and begins to snore, Dilly Bal creeps forth from Somewhere, or maybe from Nowhere, which is just on the other side, fetching with him a long broom, which he swishes about to such purpose that the katydids hear it and are frightened. They hide under the leaves and are heard no more that night. That is why you never hear them crying and disputing when you chance to be awake after midnight.

3. But Dilly Bal knows nothing of the katydids; he has his own duties to perform, and his own affairs to attend to; and these, as you will presently see, are very pressing. It is his business, as well as his pleasure, to be the Housekeeper of the Sky, which he dusts and tidies and puts in order. It is a part of his duty to see that the stars are safely bestowed against the moment when old King Sun shall emerge from his tent, and begin his march over the world. And then, in the

dusk of the evening, Dilly Bal must take each star from the bag in which he carries it, polish it bright, and put it in its proper place.

4. Sometimes, as you may have observed, a star will fall while Dilly Bal is handling it. This happens when he is nervous for fear that King Sun, instead of going to bed in his tent, has crept back and is watching from behind the cloud mountains. Sometimes a star falls quite by accident, as when Lucindy or Patience drops a plate in the kitchen. You will be sure to know Dilly Bal when you see him, for, in handling the stars and dusting the sky, his clothes get full of yellow cobwebs which he never bothers himself to brush off.

5. But Dilly Bal's most difficult job is with the Moon. Regularly the Moon blackens her face in a vain effort to hide from King Sun. If she used smut or soot, Dilly Bal's task would not be so difficult; but she has found a lake of pitch somewhere in Africa, and in this lake she smears her face till it is so black her best friends wouldn't know her. The pitch is such sticky stuff that it is days and days before it can be rubbed off. The truth is, Dilly Bal never does succeed in getting all the pitch off. At her brightest, the Moon shows signs of it. So said Thomas Tid, and so we all firmly believed.

THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT



Bryant (1794-1878) was the first of our great poets, and is often spoken of as the father of American poetry. He sprang from Puritan ancestors, but though he was born in Massachusetts and kept a home there, he passed most of his life in New York City, where he owned and edited a great daily newspaper, the "Post."

He began his education very early and learned very rapidly. He could read and spell in his fifth year, wrote verse at eight, delivered

a rhymed address at ten, began Latin at fourteen, read through the New Testament in Greek at fifteen; and when he was nineteen composed his greatest poem, "Thanatopsis," which is one of the finest poems in our literature.

He was very fond of outdoor life, loved birds and bees and flowers; and most of his poems spring from nature.

1. It was a hundred years ago,
When, by the woodland ways,
The traveler saw the wild deer drink,
Or crop the birchen sprays.

2. Beneath a hill, whose rocky side
 O'erbowered a grassy mead,
 And fenced a cottage from the wind
 A deer was wont to feed.
3. She only came when on the cliffs
 The evening moonlight lay,
 And no man knew the secret haunts
 In which she walked by day.
4. White were her feet, her forehead showed
 A spot of silvery white,
 That seemed to glimmer like a star
 In autumn's hazy night.
5. And here, when sang the whippoorwill,
 She cropped the sprouting leaves,
 And here her rustling steps were heard
 On still October eves.
6. But when the broad midsummer moon
 Rose o'er that grassy lawn,
 Beside the silver-footed deer
 There grazed a spotted fawn.
7. The cottage dame forbade her son
 To aim the rifle here;
 "It were a sin," she said, "to harm
 Or fright that friendly deer.

8. "This spot has been my pleasant home
Ten peaceful years and more;
And ever, when the moonlight shines,
She feeds before our door.
9. "The red men say that here she walked
A thousand moons ago;
They never raise the war-whoop here,
And never twang the bow.
10. "I love to watch her as she feeds,
And think that all is well
While such a gentle creature haunts
The place in which we dwell."
11. The youth obeyed, and sought for game
In forests far away,
Where, deep in silence and in moss
The ancient woodland lay.
12. But once, in autumn's golden time,
He ranged the wild in vain,
Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,
And wandered home again.
13. The crescent moon and crimson eve
Shone with a mingled light;
The deer upon the grassy mead,
Was feeding full in sight.

14. He raised the rifle to his eye,
And from the cliffs around
A sudden echo, shrill and sharp,
Gave back its deadly sound.
15. Away, into the neighboring wood,
The startled creature flew,
And crimson drops at morning lay
Amid the glimmering dew.
16. Next evening shone the waxing moon
As sweetly as before;
The deer upon the grassy mead
Was seen again no more.
17. But ere that crescent moon was old,
By night the red men came,
And burnt the cottage to the ground,
And slew the youth and dame.
18. Now woods have overgrown the mead,
And hid the cliffs from sight;
And shrieks the hovering hawk at noon,
And prowls the fox at night.

ancestor—parent or forefather.
Than-a-top'-sis—the end of life.
birchen—from the birch tree.
mead—meadow; hayfield.
wont—that which we are used to.

haunts—places often visited.
war-whoop—Indian war-cry.
twang—harsh, humming noise.
ranged—placed in a row.
crescent—shape of new moon.

HANS IN LUCK**BY GRIMM BROTHERS****PART ONE**

1. Hans had served his master seven years, and at the end of the seventh year he said:

“Master, my time is up; I want to go home and see my mother, so give me my wages.”

2. “You have served me truly and faithfully,” said the master: “as the service is, so must the wages be;” and he gave him a lump of gold as big as his head. Hans pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket and tied the lump of gold in it, hoisted it on his shoulder, and set off on his way home.

3. As he was trudging along, there came in sight a man riding a spirited horse, and looking very gay and lively. “Oh!” cried Hans aloud, “how splendid riding must be! sitting as much at one’s ease as in an armchair, stumbling over no stones, saving one’s shoes, and getting on one hardly knows how!”

4. The horseman heard Hans say this, and called out to him:

“Well, Hans, what are you doing on foot?”

“I can’t help myself,” said Hans. “I have this great lump to carry; to be sure it is gold, but then I

can't hold my head straight for it, and it hurts my shoulder."

5. "I'll tell you what," said the horseman, "we will change; I will give you my horse, and you shall give me your lump of gold."

"With all my heart," said Hans; "but I warn you, you will find it heavy." And the horseman got down, took the gold, and, helping Hans up, gave the reins into his hand.

6. "When you want to go fast," said he, "you must click your tongue and cry, 'Gee-up!'"

7. And Hans, as he sat upon his horse, was glad at heart, and rode off with merry cheer. After a while he thought he should like to go quicker, so he began to click with his tongue and to cry, "Gee-up!" And the horse began to trot, and Hans was thrown before he knew what was going to happen; and there he lay in the ditch by the side of the road. The horse would have got away but that he was caught by a peasant who was passing that way and driving a cow before him.

8. Hans pulled himself together and got upon his feet, feeling very vexed. "Poor work, riding," said he, "especially on a jade like this, who starts off and throws you before you know where you are, going near to break your neck; never shall I try that game again. Now, your cow is something worth having. One can jog on comfortably after her, and have her

milk, butter, and cheese every day into the bargain. What would I not give to have such a cow!"

9. "Well, now," said the peasant, "since it will be doing you such a favor, I don't mind exchanging my cow for your horse."

Hans agreed most joyfully; and the peasant, swinging himself into the saddle, was soon out of sight.

10. Hans went along driving his cow quietly before him, and thinking all the while of the fine bargain he had made.

"With only a piece of bread I shall have everything I can possibly want, for I shall always be able to have butter and cheese to it, and if I am thirsty I have nothing to do but to milk my cow; and what more is there for heart to wish?"

11. When he came to an inn he made a halt, and in the joy of his heart ate up all the food he had brought with him, dinner and supper and all, and bought half a glass of beer with his last two farthings. Then on he went again driving his cow, until he should come to the village where his mother lived. It was now near the middle of the day, and the sun grew hotter and hotter, and Hans found himself on a heath which it would be an hour's journey to cross. He began to feel very hot, and so thirsty that his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

12. "Never mind," said Hans; "I can find a remedy.

I will milk my cow at once." And tying her to a dry tree, and taking off his leather cap to serve for a pail, he began to milk; but not a drop came. As he set to work rather awkwardly, the impatient beast gave him such a kick on the head with her hind foot that he fell to the ground, and for some time could not think where he was; when luckily there came by a butcher, who was wheeling along a young pig in a wheelbarrow.

13. "Here's a fine piece of work!" cried he, helping poor Hans on his legs again. Then Hans related to him all that had happened; and the butcher handed him his pocket-flask, saying:

"Here, take a drink and be a man again. Of course the cow would give no milk; she is old, and only fit to draw burdens, or to be slaughtered."

14. "Well, to be sure," said Hans, scratching his head. "Who would have thought it? Of course it is a very handy way of getting meat when a man has a beast of his own to kill, but for my part I do not care much about cow beef; it is rather tasteless. Now if I had but a young pig, that is much better meat; and then the sausages!"

15. "Look here, Hans," said the butcher, "just for love of you I will exchange, and will give you my pig instead of your cow."

"Heaven reward such kindness!" cried Hans; and handing over the cow, received in exchange the pig,



THE BUTCHER STOPS TO CONSOLE HANS

who was turned out of his wheelbarrow, and was to be led by a string.

PART TWO

16. So on went Hans, thinking how everything turned out according to his wishes, and how, if trouble overtook him, all was sure to be set right directly. After a while he fell in with a peasant, who was carrying a fine white goose under his arm. They bade each other good-day, and Hans began to tell about his luck, and how he had made so many good exchanges. And the peasant told how he was taking the goose to a christening feast.

17. "Just feel how heavy it is," said he, taking it up by the wings; "it has been fattening for the last eight weeks; and when it is roasted, won't the fat run down!"

"Yes, indeed," said Hans, weighing it in his hand; "very fine to be sure; but my pig is not to be despised."

18. Upon which the peasant glanced cautiously on all sides, and shook his head.

"I am afraid," said he, "that there is something not quite right about your pig. In the village I have just left one had actually been stolen from the bailiff's yard. I fear, I fear you have it in your hand. They have sent after the thief, and it would be a bad lookout for you if it was found upon you; the least that could happen would be to be thrown into a dark hole."

19. Poor Hans grew pale with fright. "For heaven's sake," said he, "help me out of this scrape. I am a stranger in these parts; take my pig and give me your goose."

20. "It will be running some risk," answered the man; "but I will do it sooner than that you should come to grief." And so, taking the cord in his hand, he drove the pig quickly along a bypath, and lucky Hans went on his way home with the goose under his arm. "The more I think of it," said he to himself, "the better the bargain seems; first I get the roast goose, then the fat—that will last a whole year for bread and dripping; and lastly the beautiful white feathers which I can stuff my pillow with. How comfortably I shall sleep upon it, and how pleased my mother will be!"

21. When he reached the last village, he saw a knife-grinder with his barrow; and his wheel went whirring around as he sang:

"My scissors I grind, and my wheel I turn;
And all good fellows my trade should learn,
For all that I meet with just serves my turn."

22. Hans stood and looked at him; and at last he spoke to him, and said:

"You seem very well off, and merry with your grinding."

23. "Yes," answered the knife-grinder; "my handiwork pays very well. I call a man a good grinder who every time he puts his hand in his pocket finds money there. But where did you buy that fine goose?"

"I did not buy it, but I exchanged it for my pig," said Hans.

24. "And the pig?"

"That I exchanged for a cow."

25. "And the cow?"

"That I exchanged for a horse."

26. "And the horse?"

"I gave for the horse a lump of gold as big as my head."

27. "And the gold?"

"Oh, that was my wage for seven years' service."

28. "You seem to have fended for yourself very well," said the knife-grinder. "Now, if you could but manage to have money in your pocket every time you put your hand in, your fortune is made."

"How shall I manage that?" said Hans.

29. "You must be a knife-grinder like me," said the man. "All you want is a grindstone; the rest comes of itself. I have one here; to be sure it is a little damaged, but I don't mind letting you have it in exchange for your goose. What say you?"

30. "How can you ask?" answered Hans. "I shall be the luckiest fellow in the world; for if I find money

whenever I put my hand in my pocket, there is nothing left to want."

And so he handed over the goose to the peddler, and received the grindstone in exchange.

31. "Now," said the knife-grinder, taking up a heavy common stone that lay near him, "here is another proper sort of stone that will stand a good deal of wear, and that you can hammer out your old nails upon. Take it with you, and carry it carefully."

32. Hans lifted up the stone and carried it off with a contented mind. "I must have been born under a lucky star!" cried he, while his eyes sparkled for joy. "I have only to wish for a thing and it is mine."

33. After a while he began to feel rather tired, as indeed he had been on his legs since daybreak; he also began to feel rather hungry, as in the fulness of his joy at getting the cow he had eaten up all he had. At last he could scarcely go on at all, and had to make a halt every moment; for the stones weighed him down most unmercifully, and he could not help wishing that he did not feel obliged to drag them along. On he went at a snail's pace until he came to a well; then he thought he would rest and take a drink of the fresh water. He placed the stones carefully by his side at the edge of the well; then he sat down, and as he stooped to drink, he happened to give the stones a little push, and they both fell into the water with a

splash. Then Hans, having watched them disappear, jumped for joy, and thanked his stars that he had been so lucky as to get rid of the stones, that had weighed upon him so long, without any effort of his own.

34. "I really think," cried he, "I am the luckiest man under the sun." So on he went, void of care, until he reached his mother's house.

peasant—name applied to European farm-hand.

jade—worn-out horse.

heath—open, unploughed field.

clove—stuck to.

christening—baptizing.

bailiff—sheriff.

handiwork—work of one's hands.

fended—protected ; guarded.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years,
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last,
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

JOHN KEBLE.

BOB BONNYFACE

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE



Hayne (1831-1886) a nephew of the noted tribune, Robert Y. Hayne, was born in Charleston, South Carolina. His love of beautiful and noble things early expressed itself in poetry. Inheriting property sufficient for his needs, he was able to give all his thought to his art. But the War swept away everything that he owned, and about the same time an invincible lung trouble declared itself. Saddened but not conquered, the young poet removed with his

family to the soft, resinous atmosphere of north Georgia, and on the pine-clad red hills built himself a simple cottage. Here for many years he devoted himself to his family and to his art.

His work makes a large volume of poetry. A considerable part of it is devoted to Southern themes, or springs from Southern inspiration. He sings of the simple, domestic affections, of his own roof-tree and hearthstone, of his wife and his children, of good deeds and untroubled faith.

1. Little Bob Bonnyface went out one day
Into his father's fields to play;
Twas a morn undarkened by mist or cloud,
With the thrush and blackbird piping loud;

The locust, deep in the pine-tree wood,
Shrilled, as only a locust could ;
And borne on the waft of a summer breeze,
Swarmed by him an army of honey-bees.
Delighted he saw, delighted he heard
The morn, the bees and the singing bird ;
He also sang, as he roamed through the clover,
Feeling so jolly, and free all over !

2. But Bob—I must tell you the honest truth—
Was a terribly mischievous, thoughtless youth.
Whatever he wanted to do or say,
He did and he said in the boldest way,
Not seeming to ponder, even to care
How naughty his words or his actions were ;
For the only aim of this reckless elf
Was—everywhere, always, to please—himself !
3. 'Twas to please himself, without license or leave
Nor a thought how his poor sick mother might
grieve,
If she missed too long, on her suffering bed,
The golden gleam of his curly head,
That he left his home through the fields to stray,
On that sunny and beautiful summer's day,
As the air breathed over him, blithesome, but calm,
All laden with fragrance and meadow-balm,
And the sunshine warmed his young blood through,

While it dazzled and danced from the stainless blue,
Bob felt that a jollity, wholesome and sweet,
Possessed him wholly, from head to feet.

4. He looked around, and what should his eye
In an open space 'mid the clover spy,
But an ant-hole, wrought in the sandy drouth.
Out of its busy, populous mouth,
The dwarfish tenants—an endless train,
Emerging, covered the tiny plain;
Eastward and westward, north and south
They toiled, with a constant will, to gain
The fairy stores of their winter's grain;
Yet Bob in his recklessness deemed it fun
The ants and their mansion to overrun.
By millions down in the crumbling sod
The frightened creatures he swiftly trod;
Filled up with dust, and grasses and stone,
The entrance-ways to their home, o'erthrown.
Not one of the innocent horde, not one,
Was left to toil in the laughing sun—
But still Bob shouted, and thought it—fun!
5. Next on his wandering way he came
To a furze-bush, gleaming like yellow flame;
A spider as ugly and fierce as sin,
Had spread the snares of his web therein;

But—cunning and sly—as Bob rushed up,
He hid himself deep in a thistle's cup,
Leaving above, in his worship's stead,
A bee, caught fast in his poisoned thread!

6. Now here was a chance for Bobby to free
From his pain and prison this harmless bee;
But bless you! no! 'twas a finer thing
He thought, to pierce him from wing to wing;
On a pin's keen point to whirl him high,
And behold the quivering insect die,
This, too, when the barbarous act was done,
Seemed nothing to Bob but a moment's—fun.
7. More gleeful than ever, Bob onward pressed;
In the wayside thickets, he found a nest,
The eggs half hatched; but he took them out,
And with rude hand scattered them all about,
Laughing to see how the eggshells broke.
But hey! what's this? with a buffeting stroke,
The wings of the outraged mother-bird
(Who down from her neighboring perch had whirled)
So smartly smote him on forehead and eyes,
That Bobby, in his turn trembling—flies!
8. (Don't you think that his was a wretched plight?
Just picture a *boy* from a *bird* in flight!
His heart and his knee-joints weak with fright.)

9. But soon recovered, he trudged along,
Humming the words of a ballad-song,
Till reaching a place where the grasses bred
Tall "hoppers" in thousands, he staid his
tread,

And cunningly crouching, as quick as thought,
A "grandfather hopper" was deftly caught.
Bob squeezed his body and pulled his thighs,
And poked a straw in his winking eyes;
Then, with shrill laughter, and merry scoff,
He wrenched both legs of the creature off;
And next (could the rascal have had a heart?)
Its head from the body was snatched apart,
Till, a pitiful image of death and dearth,
Its carcass lay on the verdant earth!

10. I haven't the leisure to stop and tell
What other pains and evils befell
The defenceless tenants of wood and dell;
All wrought by an urchin's uncurbed will,
At length as an evening fair and still,
Shone over the wood, Bob strolled beyond
The wooded glades to a quiet pond,
The home of eels, mud-fishes and things
Half frog, half fish, all covered with stings,
And scaly armor, as bright as brass;
Then and there, reader, it came to pass

That a terrapin, lazily crawling o'er
The moistened ways of its native shore,
Bob shrewdly captured—he turned his back
Heedfully down on the sandy track,
And—need we say it?—at once began
To practise as ever, his teasing plan.
He pinched the flesh of the terrapin sore
Racked it behind and racked it before;
And strove—tho' just with a touch of awe,
The reptile's head from its shell to draw.
When hark! the sound of a vicious snap!
And the juvenile's fingers were in a trap
As ruthless as fate, and as sharp as steel;
Then, followed a piteous discord! Squeal,
Bellow, and shriek, the echoes around,
Woke up from the startled wave and ground.
Bob struggled and panted, kicked and cried,
Yet, his enemy's hold all efforts defied;
He thought to rise, but he would not do it,
For fear that his mangled flesh might rue it;
And still more agonized, angry and loud,
His yells went up to a whirling cloud,
Which in a moment from out the blue,
(Or such was his fancy) darker grew,
Whence peered a head and a face to fear;
But what shall I say of the monster's leer,
His huge mouth stretching from ear to ear?

11. "You have tortured " (it said) "and torn all
day

God's helpless creatures in wanton play;
Now, learn, oh! cruel and coward elf,
A useful lesson of pain yourself.
Does it burn and sting to the deepest nerve?
What less do your brutal deeds deserve?
How! groaning again! for shame! be done!
You only tortured, you know—in fun!"

12. When he gained from the terrapin's clutch release
While resting that night on his couch in peace,
There softly dawned thro' the twilight gloom,
A face more fair than a white rose bloom;
And a voice that seemed like the under speech
Of the waters that swoon on a breezeless beach,
Whispered as low as low could be:
"Look up! I charge thee! and worship me;
And yet not me, but the Master—Christ!
My name is Pity!—I am enticed
From even the Heaven of Heavens to bring
Soft balms for mortal suffering;
And whosoever the frailest thing
With strength within it to feel or love,
Wounds here—he is torturing me above
And worse—for the pangs of that anguish dart
Through mine, to the tender Saviour's heart!"

13. Silence!—just as sleep was won,
And over the boy's bright eyes of brown
The delicate lashes came drooping down,
Thro' the silvery eddies of moonlight mist,
There stole the shadow of lips that kissed
The stain from the childish soul away,
That sadly sinning, had deemed it—play.

piping—whistling shrilly.

waft—that which is blown.

elf—fairy.

license—leave or permission.

blithesome—merry ; cheerful

horde—crowd.

buffeting—knocking ; rapping.

deftly—skilfully.

verdant—green.

carcass—body.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak ;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink,
From the truth they needs must think ;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE SNOW-IMAGE

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE



Hawthorne (1804-1864) was born in Salem, Massachusetts. His father was a ship captain and died in a foreign land when Nathaniel was but a child. When the boy was nine or ten years old the family removed to a kinsman's estate on the shores of Sebago Lake in Maine. Here the lad had a happy time in the enjoyment of out-door sports. His pleasure was, however, taken alone. There were no playmates at hand, and be-

sides, Hawthorne came of a secluded family, and he himself had a taste for independent life. He explored the forests for game and went about the lake in a rowboat, fishing. He was an expert skater, and we hear of his skating night after night, alone, on the great lake.

As he grew older, it became necessary for him to seek an education. The family returned to Salem, and Nathaniel was sent to Bowdoin College. Here he formed the friendship of Longfellow, the poet, and of Franklin Pierce, who afterward became President of the United States. In college he read a great deal and here, doubtless, he formed the definite ambition of becoming a writer.

His college days ended, he returned to the homestead in Salem. Here, in his room, he passed twelve solitary years, studying, reading, and writing.

His writings of this period were nearly all short stories for chil-

dren or about children. But not only at the beginning of his career did he write stories for children ; at the height of his fame and in the maturity of his genius he again and again produced volumes for young people.

The first book he published was called "Twice-Told Tales." A few years later he published three volumes of the "Grandfather's Chair" series. The sketches contained in this series are historical and biographical and relate chiefly to New England traditions and events. Later on he published two other volumes of "Twice-Told Tales," one having the special title of "The Snow-Image" and containing the story reprinted (with some abridgment) below. The "Twice-Told Tales" were stories of imagination, springing from the author's own fancy, and were largely of modern and American setting.

The two "Wonder Books for Girls and Boys" were of a different kind. They take the old Greek myths and stories of thousands of years ago and make them over afresh for our own girls and boys. From them "The Minotaur," published in another reader of this series, is taken. They are intensely interesting to young and to old. Hawthorne himself said he never did anything else so well.

It is not too much to say that no other author ever produced a volume of literature for children equal to that of Hawthorne's in all the high qualities which such stories should possess. His language is pure, simple, and sympathetic. He portrays high enterprises in a world of purity, innocence, cheerfulness, and poetic justice. "His imagination, living in the child-sphere, pure, primitive, inexperienced found only sunshine there, the freshness of the early world ; nor are there any children's books so dipped in morning dews."

His long stories for mature people, "Scarlet Letter," "Blithedale Romance," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Marble Faun" mark him out as one of the world's greatest romancers.

When Franklin Pierce became President, he appointed Haw-

thorne consul to Liverpool. The family then went to England, and after his service there they went travelling in Europe and passed some years in Italy.

Shortly after his return to his home in Concord, "The Wayside," his health began to fail. When he was attacked with his last illness his old friend Franklin Pierce came to see him. After consultation, the two friends started for the White Mountains in the hope of getting benefit for the sufferer. But, in a little hotel, where they had stopped for a rest on the way, Hawthorne passed away.

PART ONE

1. One afternoon of a cold winter's day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness, after a long storm, two children asked leave of their mother to run out and play in the new-fallen snow. The elder child was a little girl, whom, because she was of a tender and modest disposition, and was thought to be very beautiful, her parents, and other people who were familiar with her, used to call Violet. But her brother was known by the style and title of Peony, on account of the ruddiness of his broad and round little phiz, which made everybody think of sunshine and great scarlet flowers.

2. Violet and Peony, as I began with saying, besought their mother to let them run out and play in the new snow; for, though it had looked so dreary and dismal, drifting downward out of the gray sky, it had a very cheerful aspect, now that the sun was shining on it.

3. The children dwelt in a city, and had no wider play-place than a little garden before the house, divided by a white fence from the street, and with a pear tree and two or three plum trees overshadowing it, and some rosebushes just in front of the parlor windows. The trees and shrubs, however, were now leafless, and their twigs were enveloped in the light snow, which thus made a kind of wintry foliage, with here and there a pendant icicle for the fruit.

4. "Yes, Violet—yes, my little Peony," said their kind mother; "you may go out and play in the new snow."

5. Accordingly the good lady bundled up her darlings in woolen jackets and wadded sacks, and put comforters round their necks, and a pair of striped gaiters on each little pair of legs, and worsted mittens on their hands, and gave them a kiss apiece, by way of a spell to keep away Jack Frost. Forth sallied the two children, with a hop-skip-and-jump, that carried them at once into the very heart of a huge snow-drift, whence Violet emerged like a snow-bunting, while little Peony floundered out with his round face in full bloom.

6. Then what a merry time had they! To look at them, frolicking in the wintry garden, you would have thought that the dark and pitiless storm had been sent for no other purpose but to provide a new plaything

for Violet and Peony; and that they themselves had been created, as the snowbirds were, to take delight only in the tempest, and in the white mantle which it spread over the earth.

7. At last, when they had frosted one another all over with handfuls of snow, Violet, after laughing heartily at little Peony's figure, was struck with a new idea.

8. "You look exactly like a snow-image, Peony," said she, "if your cheeks were not so red. And that puts me in mind! Let us make an image out of snow—an image of a little girl—and it shall be our sister, and shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won't it be nice?"

9. "Oh, yes!" cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but a little boy. "That will be nice! And mamma shall see it!"

10. "Yes," answered Violet; "mamma shall see the new little girl. But she must not make her come into the warm parlor; for, you know, our little snow-sister will not love the warmth."

11. And forthwith the children began this great business of making a snow-image that should run about; while their mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set about it. They really seemed to imagine that there would

be no difficulty whatever in creating a live little girl out of the snow.

12. And, to say the truth, if miracles are ever to be wrought, it will be by putting our hands to the work in precisely such a simple and undoubting frame of mind as that in which Violet and Peony now undertook to perform one, without so much as knowing that it was a miracle. So thought the mother; and thought, likewise, that the new snow, just fallen from heaven, would be excellent material to make new beings of, if it were not so very cold.

13. She gazed at the children a moment longer, delighting to watch their little figures—the girl, tall for her age, graceful and agile, and so delicately colored that she looked like a cheerful thought, more than a physical reality; while Peony expanded in breadth rather than height, and rolled along on his short and sturdy legs, as substantial as an elephant, though not quite so big. Then the mother resumed her work.

14. Again, however, and again, and yet other agains, she could not help turning her head to the window, to see how the children got on with their snow-image.

15. Now and then, when Violet and Peony happened to raise their voices, the words were as audible as if they had been spoken in the very parlor, where the mother sat. Oh, how delightfully those words echoed



THE CHILDREN BEGAN MAKING A SNOW-IMAGE

in her heart, even though they meant nothing so very wise or wonderful, after all.

16. But you must know a mother listens with her heart, much more than with her ears; and thus she is often delighted with the trills of celestial music, when other people can hear nothing of the kind.

PART TWO

17. The mother, as she listened, thought how fit and delightful an incident it would be, if fairies, or, still better, if angel-children, were to come from Paradise, and play invisibly with her own darlings, and help them to make their snow-image, giving it the features of celestial babyhood! Violet and Peony would not be aware of their immortal playmates—only they would see that the image grew very beautiful while they worked at it, and would think that they themselves had done it all.

18. "My little girl and boy deserve such playmates, if mortal children ever did!" said the mother to herself; and then she smiled again at her own motherly pride.

19. Nevertheless, the idea seized upon her imagination; and, ever and anon, she took a glimpse out of the window, half dreaming that she might see the golden-haired children of Paradise sporting with her own golden-haired Violet and bright-cheeked Peony.

20. Now, for a few moments, there was a busy and

earnest, but indistinct hum of the two children's voices, as Violet and Peony wrought together with one happy consent. Violet still seemed to be the guiding spirit; while Peony acted rather as a laborer, and brought her the snow from far and near. And yet the little urchin evidently had a proper understanding of the matter, too!

21. "Peony, Peony!" cried Violet; "bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of the pear tree. You can clamber on the snow-drift, Peony, and reach them easily. I must have them to make some ringlets for our snow-sister's head!"

22. "Here they are, Violet!" answered the little boy. "Take care you do not break them. Well done! Well done! How pretty!"

23. "What a nice playmate she will be for us all winter long!" said Violet. "I hope papa will not be afraid of her giving us a cold! Shan't you love her dearly, Peony?"

24. "Oh, yes!" cried Peony. "And I will hug her, and she shall sit down close by me, and drink some of my warm milk."

25. "Oh, no, Peony!" answered Violet, with grave wisdom. "That will not do at all. Warm milk will not be wholesome for our little snow-sister. Little snow-people, like her, eat nothing but icicles. No, no,

Peony; we must not give her anything warm to drink!"

26. There was a minute or two of silence; for Peony, whose short legs were never weary, had gone on a pilgrimage again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden, Violet cried out, loudly and joyfully:

27. "Look here, Peony! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheek out of that rose-colored cloud! and the color does not go away! Is not that beautiful?"

28. "Yes; it is beau-ti-ful," answered Peony, pronouncing the three syllables with deliberate accuracy. "Oh, Violet, only look at her hair! It is all like gold!"

29. "Oh, certainly," said Violet, with tranquillity, as if it were very much a matter of course. "That color, you know, comes from the golden clouds that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now. But her lips must be made very red—redder than her cheeks. Perhaps, Peony, it will make them red, if we both kiss them!"

30. Accordingly the mother heard two smart little smacks, as if both her children were kissing the snow-image on its frozen mouth. But, as this did not seem to make the lips quite red enough, Violet next proposed that the snow-child should be invited to kiss Peony's scarlet cheek.

31. "Come, 'ittle snow-sister, kiss me!" cried Peony.

"There! she has kissed you," added Violet, "and now her lips are very red. And she blushed a little, too!"

"Oh, what a cold kiss!" cried Peony.

32. Just then, there came a breeze of the pure west wind, sweeping through the garden and rattling the parlor windows. It sounded so wintry cold, that the mother was about to tap on the window-pane with her thimbled finger, to summon the two children in, when they both cried out to her with one voice. The tone was not a tone of surprise, although they were evidently a good deal excited; it appeared rather as if they were very much rejoiced at some event that had now happened, but which they had been looking for, and had reckoned upon all along.

33. "Mamma! mamma! We have finished our little snow-sister, and she is running about the garden with us!"

34. "What imaginative little beings my children are!" thought the mother, putting the last few stitches into Peony's frock. "And it is strange, too, that they make me almost as much a child as they themselves are! I can hardly help believing, now, that the snow-image has really come to life!"

35. "Dear mamma!" cried Violet, "pray look out, and see what a sweet playmate we have!"

PART THREE

36. The mother, being thus entreated, could no longer delay to look forth from the window. The sun was now gone out of the sky, leaving, however, a rich inheritance of his brightness among those purple and golden clouds which make the sunsets of winter so magnificent. But there was not the slightest gleam or dazzle, either on the window or on the snow; so that the good lady could look all over the garden, and see everything and everybody in it.

37. And what do you think she saw there? Violet and Peony, of course, her own two darling children. Ah, but whom, or what did she see, besides? Why, if you will believe me, there was a small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinged cheeks and ringlets of golden hue, playing about the garden with the two children! A stranger though she was, the child seemed to be on as familiar terms with Violet and Peony, and they with her, as if all the three had been playmates during the whole of their little lives.

38. The mother thought to herself that it must certainly be the daughter of one of the neighbors, and that, seeing Violet and Peony in the garden, the child had run across the street to play with them. So this kind lady went to the door, intending to invite the little runaway into her comfortable parlor; for, now that

the sunshine was withdrawn, the atmosphere, out of doors, was already growing very cold.

39. She called Violet, and whispered to her.

"Violet, my darling, what is this child's name?" asked she. "Does she live near us?"

40. "Why, dearest mamma," answered Violet, laughing to think that her mother did not comprehend so very plain an affair, "this is our little snow-sister, whom we have just been making!"

41. "Yes, dear mamma," cried Peony, running to his mother, and looking up simply into her face. "This is our snow-image! Is it not a nice 'ittle child?"

42. "Violet," said her mother, greatly perplexed, "tell me the truth, without any jest. Who is this little girl?"

43. "My darling mamma," answered Violet, looking seriously into her mother's face, and apparently surprised that she should need any further explanation, "I have told you truly who she is. It is our little snow-image, which Peony and I have been making. Peony will tell you so, as well as I."

44. "Yes, mamma," asseverated Peony, with much gravity in his crimson little phiz; "this is 'ittle snow-child. Is not she a nice one? But, mamma, her hand is, oh, so very cold!"

45. While mamma still hesitated what to think and what to do, the street gate was thrown open, and the

father of Violet and Peony appeared, wrapped in a pilot-cloth sack, with a fur cap drawn down over his ears, and the thickest of gloves upon his hands. Mr. Lindsey was a middle-aged man with a weary and yet a happy look in his wind-flushed and frost-pinched face, as if he had been busy all the day long, and was glad to get back to his quiet home.

46. His eyes brightened at the sight of his wife and children, although he could not help uttering a word or two of surprise at finding the whole family in the open air on so bleak a day, and after sunset too. He soon perceived the little white stranger, sporting to and fro in the garden, like a dancing snow-wreath, and the flock of snowbirds fluttering about her head.

47. "Pray, what little girl may that be?" inquired this very sensible man. "Surely her mother must be crazy to let her go out in such bitter weather as it has been to-day, with only that flimsy white gown, and those thin slippers!"

48. "My dear husband," said his wife, "I know no more about the little thing than you do. Some neighbor's child, I suppose. Our Violet and Peony," she added, laughing at herself for repeating so absurd a story, "insist that she is nothing but a snow-image, which they have been busy about in the garden almost all the afternoon."

49. As she said this, the mother glanced her eyes

toward the spot where the children's snow-image had been made. What was her surprise, on perceiving that there was not the slightest trace of so much labor!—no image at all!—no piled-up heap of snow!—nothing whatever, save the prints of little footsteps around a vacant space!

50. "This is very strange!" said she.



THE FLOCK OF SNOW-BIRDS FLUTTERED ABOUT HER HEAD

"What is strange, dear mother?" asked Violet. "Dear father, do not you see how it is? This is our snow-image, which Peony and I have made, because we wanted another playmate. Did not we, Peony?"

51. "Yes, papa," said crimson Peony. "This be our 'ittle snow-sister. Is she not beau-ti-ful? But she gave me such a cold kiss!"

PART FOUR

52. "Poh, nonsense, children!" cried their good, honest father, who, as we have already intimated, had an exceedingly common-sensible way of looking at matters. "Do not tell me of making live figures out of snow. Come, wife, this little stranger must not stay out in the bleak air a moment longer. We will bring her into the parlor; and you shall give her a supper of warm bread and milk, and make her as comfortable as you can. Meanwhile, I will inquire among the neighbors; or, if necessary, send the city-crier about the streets to give notice of a lost child."

53. So saying, this honest and very kind-hearted man was going toward the little white damsel, with the best intentions in the world. But Violet and Peony, each seizing their father by the hand, earnestly besought him not to make her come in.

54. "Dear father," cried Violet, putting herself before him, "it is true what I have been telling you! This is our little snow-girl, and she cannot live any longer than while she breathes the cold west wind. Do not make her come into the hot room!"

55. "Yes, father," shouted Peony, stamping his little foot, so mightily was he in earnest, "this be nothing but our 'ittle snow-child! She will not love the hot fire!"

56. "Nonsense, children, nonsense, nonsense!" cried the father, half vexed, half laughing, at what he considered their foolish obstinacy. "Run into the house, this moment! It is too late to play any longer, now. I must take care of this little girl immediately, or she will catch her death-a-cold!"

57. "Husband! dear husband!" said his wife, in a low voice—for she had been looking narrowly at the snow-child, and was more perplexed than ever—"there is something very singular in all this. You will think me foolish—but—but—may it not be that some invisible angel has been attracted by the simplicity and good faith with which our children set about their undertaking? May he not have spent an hour of his immortality in playing with those dear little souls? and so the result is what we call a miracle. No, no! Do not laugh at me; I see what a foolish thought it is!"

58. "My dear wife," replied the husband, laughing heartily, "you are as much a child as Violet and Peony."

And in one sense so she was; for all through life she had kept her heart full of childlike simplicity and faith, which was as pure and clear as crystal; and, looking at all matters through this transparent medium, she sometimes saw truths so profound, that other people laughed at them as nonsense and absurdity.

59. But now kind Mr. Lindsey had entered the garden, breaking away from his two children, who still sent their shrill voices after him, beseeching him to let the snow-child stay and enjoy herself in the cold west wind. As he approached, the snowbirds took to flight. The little white damsel, also, fled backward, shaking her head, as if to say, "Pray, do not touch me!" and roguishly, as it appeared, leading him through the deepest of the snow. Once, the good man stumbled, and floundered down upon his face, so that, gathering himself up again, with the snow sticking to his rough pilot-cloth sack, he looked as white and wintry as a snow-image of the largest size.

60. Some of the neighbors, meanwhile, seeing him from their windows, wondered what could possess poor Mr. Lindsey to be running about his garden in pursuit of a snow-drift, which the west wind was driving hither and thither! At length, after a vast deal of trouble, he chased the little stranger into a corner, where she could not possibly escape him.

61. His wife had been looking on, and, it being nearly twilight, was wonder-struck to observe how the snow-child gleamed and sparkled, and how she seemed to shed a glow all round about her; and when driven into the corner, she positively glistened like a star! It was a frosty kind of brightness, too, like that of an icicle in the moonlight. The wife thought it strange

that good Mr. Lindsey should see nothing remarkable in the snow-child's appearance.

62. "Come, you odd little thing!" cried the honest man, seizing her by the hand, "I have caught you at last, and will make you comfortable in spite of yourself. We will put a nice warm pair of worsted stockings on your frozen little feet, and you shall have a good thick shawl to wrap yourself in. Your poor white nose, I am afraid, is actually frost-bitten. But we will make it all right. Come along in."

63. And so, with a most benevolent smile on his sagacious visage, all purple as it was with the cold, this very well-meaning gentleman took the snow-child by the hand, and led her toward the house. She followed him, droopingly and reluctant; for all the glow and sparkle was gone out of her figure; and whereas just before she had resembled a bright, frosty, star-gemmed evening, with a crimson gleam on the cold horizon, she now looked as dull and languid as a thaw.

64. As kind Mr. Lindsey led her up the steps of the door, Violet and Peony looked into his face—their eyes full of tears, which froze before they could run down their cheeks—and again entreated him not to bring their snow-image into the house.

65. "Not bring her in!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man. "Why, you are crazy, my little Violet!—quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold, already, that

her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her freeze to death?"

PART FIVE

66. His wife, as he came up the steps, had been taking another long, earnest, almost awe-stricken gaze at the little white stranger. She hardly knew whether it was a dream or no; but she could not help fancying that she saw the delicate print of Violet's fingers on the child's neck. It looked just as if, while Violet was shaping out the image, she had given it a gentle pat with her hand, and had neglected to smooth the impression quite away.

67. "After all, husband," said the mother, recurring to her idea that the angels would be as much delighted to play with Violet and Peony as she herself was, "after all, she does look strangely like a snow-image! I do believe she is made of snow!"

68. A puff of the west wind blew against the snow-child, and again she sparkled like a star.

"Snow!" repeated good Mr. Lindsey, drawing the reluctant guest over his hospitable threshold. "No wonder she looks like snow. She is half frozen, poor little thing! But a good fire will put everything to rights."

69. Without further talk, and always with the same best intentions, this highly benevolent and commonsensible individual led the little white damsel—droop-

ing, drooping, drooping, more and more—out of the frosty air, and into his comfortable parlor. A stove, filled to the brim with intensely burning anthracite, was sending a bright gleam through the isinglass of its iron door, and causing the vase of water on its top to fume and bubble with excitement. A warm, sultry smell was diffused throughout the room. A thermometer on the wall furthest from the stove stood at eighty degrees.

70. The parlor was hung with red curtains, and covered with a red carpet, and looked just as warm as it felt. The difference betwixt the atmosphere here and the cold, wintry twilight out of doors was like stepping at once from Nova Zembla to the hottest part of India, or from the North Pole into an oven. Oh, this was a fine place for the little white stranger.

71. The common-sensible man placed the snow-child on the hearth-rug, right in front of the hissing and fuming stove.

“Now she will be comfortable!” cried Mr. Lindsey, rubbing his hands and looking about him, with the pleasantest smile you ever saw. “Make yourself at home, my child.”

72. Sad, sad and drooping, looked the little white maiden, as she stood on the hearth-rug, with the hot blast of the stove striking through her like a pestilence. Once she threw a glance wistfully toward the window,

and caught a glimpse, through its red curtains, of the snow-covered roofs, and the stars glimmering frostily, and all the delicious intensity of the cold night. The bleak wind rattled the window-panes, as if it were summoning her to come forth. But there stood the snow-child, drooping, before the hot stove!

73. But the common-sensible man saw nothing amiss.

"Come, wife," said he, "let her have a pair of thick stockings and a woollen shawl or a blanket directly; and tell Dora to give her some warm supper as soon as the milk boils. You, Violet and Peony, amuse your little friend. She is out of spirits, you see, at finding herself in a strange place. For my part, I will go around among the neighbors, and find out where she belongs."

74. The mother, meanwhile, had gone in search of the shawl and stockings; for her own view of the matter, however subtle and delicate, had given way, as it always did, to the stubborn materialism of her husband.

75. Without heeding the remonstrances of his two children, who still kept murmuring that their little snow-sister did not love the warmth, good Mr. Lindsey took his departure, shutting the parlor-door carefully behind him. Turning up the collar of his sack over his ears, he emerged from the house, and had barely

reached the street-gate, when he was recalled by the screams of Violet and Peony, and the rapping of a thimble finger against the parlor window.

76. "Husband! husband!" cried his wife, showing her horror-stricken face through the window-panes. "There is no need of going for the child's parents!"

"We told you so, father!" screamed Violet and Peony, as he re-entered the parlor. "You would bring her in; and now our poor—dear—beau-ti-ful little snow-sister is thawed!"

77. And their own sweet little faces were already dissolved in tears; so that their father, seeing what strange things occasionally happen in this every-day world, felt not a little anxious lest his children might be going to thaw too! In the utmost perplexity, he demanded an explanation of his wife.

78. She could only reply that, being summoned to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of the little white maiden, unless it were the remains of a heap of snow, which, while she was gazing at it, melted quite away upon the hearth-rug.

"And there you see all there is left of it!" added she, pointing to a pool of water in front of the stove.

79. "Yes, father," said Violet, looking reproachfully at him, through her tears, "there is all that is left of our dear little snow-sister!"

"Naughty father!" cried Peony, stamping his foot,

and—I shudder to say—shaking his little fist at the common-sensible man. “We told you how it would be. What for did you bring her in?”

80. And the stove, through the isinglass of its door, seemed to glare at good Mr. Lindsey like a red-eyed demon triumphing in the mischief which it had done!

81. This, you will observe, was one of those rare cases which yet will occasionally happen, where common-sense finds itself at fault. The remarkable story of the snow-image, though to that sagacious class of people to whom good Mr Lindsey belongs it may seem but a childish affair, is, nevertheless, capable of being moralized in various methods, greatly for their edification.

82. But, after all, there is no teaching anything to wise men of good Mr. Lindsey’s stamp. They know everything—O, to be sure!—everything that has been, and everything that is, and everything that, by any future possibility, can be. And should some phenomenon of nature or providence transcend their system, they will not recognize it, even if it come to pass under their very noses.

83. “Wife,” said Mr. Lindsey, after a fit of silence, “see what a quantity of snow the children have brought in on their feet! It has made quite a puddle here before the stove. Pray tell Dora to bring some towels and sop it up!”

- definite**—precise ; exact.
solitary—lonely.
maturity—time when one is full grown.
genius—great talent or power.
traditions—stories or oral reports given from one generation to another.
imagination—picturing things to oneself.
sympathetic—kind ; pitiful ; tender.
romancer—one who writes imaginative stories.
consul—an officer serving his country abroad.
phiz—humorous term for face.
aspect—appearance.
enveloped—covered.
pendant—hanging.
sallied—rushed forth suddenly.
emerged—came out of.
miracles—wonders.
audible—that which may be heard.
celestial—heavenly.
incident—happening.
accuracy—correctness.
tranquillity—peace ; quietness.
inheritance—property received by an heir from relatives.
perplexed—puzzled.
perceive—to see or understand.
intimated—hinted at.
medium—the means through which a thing is done.
benevolent—kind ; charitable.
reluctant—unwilling.
recurring—happening often.
anthracite—hard, or stone coal.
pestilence—disease ; plague.
subtle—refined ; wise.
materialism—thought which lacks imagination
remonstrance—objection to.
isinglass—transparent substance made from parts of fish.
sagacious—wise.
phenomenon—an appearance not easily understood.
transcend—rise above or go beyond.

The osprey sails above the sound,
 The geese are gone, the gulls are flying ;
 The herring shoals swarm thick around,
 The nets are launched, the boats are plying ;
 Yo, ho, my hearts ! let's seek the deep,
 Raise high the song and cheerily wish her,
 Still as the bending net we sweep,
 " God bless the fish hawk and the fisher."

ALEXANDER WILSON.

FABLE

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON



Emerson (1803-1882) was descended from a long line of ministers, and as a young man had charge of a congregation himself. But after a few years, he abandoned preaching for writing. His essays, however, follow somewhat the manner of the preacher, for they spring from a moral purpose and direct and urge us to right living. The volume of his poetry is small, as he delivered his message chiefly in the form of essays and lectures. One of

his best known poems, "The Concord Hymn," read publicly by the author on an anniversary of the battle of Lexington, is printed elsewhere in these Readers.

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig;"
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.

And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

fable—an untrue story.
prig—a proud fellow; a fop.

talents—powers of the mind.

Not lightly fall
Beyond recall
The written scrolls a breath can float,
The crowning fact,
The kingliest act,
Of Freedom is the freeman's vote.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE STORY OF A SOUTHERN BOY

BY HARRY F. ESTILL

1. Let us now take a look at the home life of a Southern boy and a Southern girl in the old Colonial times. In our minds we can picture a white boy, accompanied by a negro companion, wandering through the woods near the banks of the Rappahannock River in the colony of Virginia. The white boy carried a gun upon his shoulder, and his hunting suit of coarse, strong cloth was discolored from frequent use. The negro boy, who addressed his companion as "Mars' George," carried a game-bag well stocked with squirrels and partridges. He was barefooted, and his trousers and shirt showed several patches of different colors. His kinky hair could be seen through the holes in the crown of the old hat that came down over his ears. A fine setter dog ran through the woods just ahead of the young hunters.

2. Coming to the edge of the woods, George and black Jasper made their way through a great tobacco field in which twenty or thirty negro men and women were at work cutting the long-leaved plants and placing them in the wagons which were to carry them to the great tobacco barns in the distance. A white man, called an "overseer," rode about among the

negroes, directing them in their work. They did not seem to mind the hard work nor the hot sun, but were laughing and singing at the top of their voices. Their songs had strange tunes. Sometimes there were no words, only musical sounds, and sometimes they made up the words as they sang.

3. As the boys neared the house a negro man came out to the end of the long porch toward the tobacco field, and blew a blast from a great tin horn. This meant twelve o'clock, and was a signal for the field hands to stop work for dinner. George handed his gun to Jasper, and, bidding him take the game around the house to the kitchen and prepare it to be cooked for supper, ran up to his room to change his soiled hunting suit and bathe his face and hands before coming down to dinner.

4. While George is getting ready for dinner let us take a look at his home. A grassy lawn dotted with stately trees stretched away in front of the house toward the river, which sparkled in the sunlight just beyond the "big road." The house was two stories high with a broad front porch extending the width of the house, supported by massive columns. Behind the house, in the distance, were the stables and barns, and long rows of cabins, called the "quarters," the homes of the negro slaves. To the right of the house was the garden, laid out in prim style with perfectly

clean walks between well-kept beds shaped in triangles, squares, and circles. In the part of the garden next the house were the flowers, the special care of Elizabeth, or "Betty," George's sister. Here were hedges of lilacs, beds of sunflowers, roses, tulips, pinks, peonies, poppies, and hollyhocks.

5. On Monday morning the young folks were up bright and early to get ready for school. The schoolhouse was five miles distant. A negro manservant usually accompanied the children to and from school. They rode horseback and carried their dinners with them. It was not a free school, but parents paid for the tuition of their children. The attendance of pupils was small, chiefly because the planters lived so far apart that it was almost impossible for children to attend regularly. The schoolhouse of that day had uncomfortable "home-made" desks and seats, and was not supplied with maps or blackboards. It was known as an "old-field school," because it stood in an old field that from long use had become unfit for cultivation. The teacher was sometimes the church sexton, sometimes the minister. The girls were usually taught privately at home by a governess or tutor. The older boys were sent to William and Mary College at Williamsburg.

6. The Southern people were fond of horses and of horseback riding. Every white family kept a horse,

and the rich planters had stables full of the finest animals. The planter never walked except about the house. Every morning his horse, all saddled and bridled, groomed and curried until he shone like silk, was brought to his door by a negro slave. The poor farmer who owned no slave would often spend hours tramping through the woods to find and catch his horse in order to ride two or three miles to church or to the courthouse or to visit a neighbor. Horse racing, fox hunting, and deer hunting were favorite sports for men and boys. Open-air barbecues were frequent, at which plenty of fun was provided for everybody.

7. A Virginia newspaper of colonial times gives notice that "On St. Andrew's Day there are to be Horse Races and several other Diversions for the entertainment of the Gentlemen and Ladies at the Old Field near Capt. John Bickerton's." The programme provided, among other things, "That a violin be played for by twenty Fiddlers, no person to have the liberty of playing unless he bring a fiddle with him. After the prize is won they are all to play together, and each one a different tune, and to be treated by the company." "That twelve boys of twelve years of age do run a hundred and twelve yards for a Hat of the cost of twelve shillings." "That a handsome entertainment be provided for the subscribers and

their wives ; and such of them as are not so happy as to have wives may treat any other body."

Colonial—belonging to the colonies.

overseer—manager.

massive—large ; heavy.

governess—a woman teacher.

tutor—a man teacher.

barbecue—an open-air feast on an animal roasted whole.

diversions—plays ; amusements.

Rap'-pa-han-nock.

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mould,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

THE MAXIMS OF POOR RICHARD

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



Franklin (1706-1790) was born in Boston, the son of a candle-maker. An older brother printed one of the first American newspapers. While a boy Benjamin was taken into the office and taught type-setting. When about nineteen he ran away from home and went to Philadelphia. He traveled part of the way by boat and part on foot, and employed many days in the journey.

When an old man he wrote an account of his own life. This book is one of the most interesting autobiographies ever written and has been translated into several languages. In it he describes his entrance into Philadelphia with only a few small coins in his pocket and without friends or standing. He got work in a printing office, and in time, by hard work and economy, was able to buy a printing office of his own.

He printed for several years a pamphlet which he prepared himself, called "Poor Richard's Almanac." It contained, besides the calendar of days, practical advice in sharp, homely sentences such as those printed below. The "Almanacs" made their author a great deal of money.

He was a staunch and able patriot and was a member of the convention which framed the Declaration of Independence. After the nation was formed he was sent to Europe to represent us on several important missions. He was very popular in France and in England.

He made some important studies in science. He was the first to show (by means of a kite) that lightning is electricity and to conduct it to the earth. From his experiments sprang the lightning-rod. The stove was his invention.

1. Little strokes fell great oaks.
2. God helps them that help themselves.
3. The sleeping fox catches no poultry.
4. He that rises late must trot all day.
5. There are no gains without pains.
6. Diligence is the mother of good luck.
7. One to-day is worth two to-morrows.
8. Be ashamed to catch yourself idle.
9. If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.
10. Think of saving as well as of getting.
11. Always taking out of the meal tub and never putting in soon comes to the bottom.
12. He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.
13. 'Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright.
14. Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.
15. If you will not hear reason she will surely rap your knuckles.
16. He that can have patience can have what he will.
17. Search others for their virtues, thyself for thy vices.

18. Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.
19. Have you somewhat to do to-morrow? Do it
to-day.
20. Constant dropping wears away stones.
21. If you would have a faithful servant and one
that you like, serve yourself.
22. Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.
23. If you would know the value of money, go
and try to borrow some.

maxim—a wise rule or saying.

virtues—goodness.

diligence—industry.

vices—wrong doings ; evil.

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well;
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



1. Blessings on thee, little
man,
Barefoot boy with cheek
of tan!
With thy turned-up
pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled
tunes;
With thy red lip, redder
still
Kissed by strawberries
on the hill;

With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—

Outward sunshine,
inward joy:
Blessings on thee,
barefoot boy!

2. O for boyhood's
painless play,
Sleep that wakes in
laughing day,
Health that mocks
the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never
learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's
morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's
time and place,
Flight of fowl and
habitude
Of the tenants of
the wood;
How the tortoise
bears his shell,
How the woodchuck
digs his cell,



THE BAREFOOT BOY

And the ground mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

3. O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone

Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

4. O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.

I was monarch: pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy!

5. Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh as boyhood can!
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil,
 Up and down in ceaseless moil:
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

habitude—custom; habit.

artisans—workmen.

eschewing—avoiding; keeping
 away from.

plied—kept busy.

regal—like a king.

pied—of different colors; spotted.

treacherous—deceitful; dangerous.

ere—before.

Hes-per'-i-des.

THE RABBIT SENDS IN A LITTLE BILL

(From "Alice in Wonderland")

BY LEWIS CARROLL

PART ONE

1. In a little while, however, she again heard a little pattering of footsteps in the distance, and she looked up eagerly, half hoping that the Mouse had changed his mind, and was coming back to finish his story.

2. It was the White Rabbit, trotting slowly back again, and looking anxiously about as it went, as if it had lost something ; and she heard it muttering to itself, "The Duchess ! The Duchess ! Oh my dear paws ! Oh my fur and whiskers ! She'll get me executed, as sure as ferrets are ferrets ! Where *can* I have dropped them, I wonder !" Alice guessed in a moment that it was looking for the fan and the pair of white kid gloves, and she very good-naturedly began hunting about for them, but they were nowhere to be seen—everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool, and the great hall, with the glass table and the little door, had vanished completely.

3. Very soon the Rabbit noticed Alice, as she went hunting about, and called out to her in an angry tone, "Why, Mary Ann, what *are* you doing out here ?

Run home this moment, and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan! Quick, now!" And Alice was so much frightened that she ran off at once in the direction it pointed to, without trying to explain the mistake that it had made.

4. "He took me for his housemaid," she said to herself as she ran. "How surprised he'll be when he finds out who I am! But I'd better take him his fan and gloves—that is, if I can find them." As she said this, she came upon a neat little house, on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the name "W. RABBIT" engraved upon it. She went in without knocking, and hurried upstairs, in great fear lest she should meet the real Mary Ann, and be turned out of the house before she had found the fan and gloves.

5. "How queer it seems," Alice said to herself, "to be going messages for a rabbit! I suppose Dinah'll be sending me on messages next!" And she began fancying the sort of thing that would happen: "'Miss Alice! Come here directly, and get ready for your walk!' 'Coming in a minute, nurse! But I've got to watch this mouse-hole till Dinah comes back, and see that the mouse doesn't get out.' Only I don't think," Alice went on, "that they'd let Dinah stop in the house if it began ordering people about like that!"

6. By this time she had found her way into a tidy little room with a table in the window, and on it (as

she had hoped) a fan and two or three pairs of tiny white kid gloves. She took up the fan and a pair of the gloves, and was just going to leave the room, when her eye fell upon a little bottle that stood near the looking-glass. There was no label this time with the words "DRINK ME," but nevertheless she uncorked it and put it to her lips. "I know *something* interesting is sure to happen," she said to herself, "whenever I eat or drink anything; so I'll just see what this bottle does. I do hope it'll make me grow large again, for really I'm quite tired of being such a tiny little thing!"

7. It did so indeed, and much sooner than she had expected. Before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and had to stoop to save her neck from being broken. She hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself, "That's quite enough—I hope I shan't grow any more. As it is, I can't get out at the door. I do wish I hadn't drunk quite so much!"

8. Alas! It was too late to wish that! She went on growing and growing, and very soon had to kneel down on the floor. In another minute there was not even room for this, and she tried the effect of lying down, with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and, as a last resource, she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to her-

self, "Now I can do no more, whatever happens. What *will* become of me ?"

9. Luckily for Alice, the little magic bottle had now had its full effect, and she grew no larger. Still it was very uncomfortable, and, as there seemed to be no sort of chance of her ever getting out of the room again, no wonder she felt unhappy.

PART TWO

10. "It was much pleasanter at home," thought poor Alice, "when one wasn't always growing larger and smaller, and being ordered about by mice and rabbits. I almost wish I hadn't gone down that rabbit-hole—and yet—and yet—it's rather curious, you know, this sort of life ! I do wonder what *can* have happened to me ! When I used to read fairy tales, I fancied that kind of thing never happened, and now here I am in the middle of one ! There ought to be a book written about me, that there ought ! And when I grow up I'll write one. But I'm grown up now," she added in a sorrowful tone, "at least there's no room to grow up any more *here*."

11. "But then," thought Alice, "shall I *never* get any older than I am now ? That'll be a comfort, one way—never to be an old woman—but then—always to have lessons to learn ! Oh, I shouldn't like *that* !"

12. "Oh, you foolish Alice !" she answered herself. "How can you learn lessons in here ? Why, there's

hardly room for you, and no room at all for any lesson books !”

13. And so she went on, taking first one side and then the other, and making quite a conversation of it altogether, but after a few minutes she heard a voice outside, and stopped to listen.



“WHAT *WILL* BECOME OF ME?”

14. “Mary Ann ! Mary Ann !” said the voice, “fetch me my gloves this moment !” Then came a little pattering of feet on the stairs. Alice knew it was the Rabbit coming to look for her, and she trembled till she shook the house, quite forgetting that she was now about a thousand times as large as the Rabbit, and had no reason to be afraid of it.

15. Presently the Rabbit came up to the door, and

tried to open it; but as the door opened inwards, and Alice's elbow was pressed hard against it, that attempt proved a failure. Alice heard it say to itself, "Then I'll go round and get in at the window."

16. "*That* you won't!" thought Alice, and, after waiting till she fancied she heard the Rabbit just under the window, she suddenly spread out her hand, and made a snatch in the air. She did not get hold of anything, but she heard a little shriek and a fall, and a crash of broken glass, from which she concluded that it was just possible it had fallen into a cucumber-frame, or something of the sort.

17. Next came an angry voice—the Rabbit's—"Pat! Pat! Where are you?" And then a voice she had never heard before, "Sure then I'm here! Digging for apples, yer honor!"

"Digging for apples, indeed!" said the Rabbit angrily. "Here! Come and help me out of *this*!" (Sounds of more broken glass.)

18. "Now tell me, Pat, what's that in the window?"

"Sure, it's an arm, yer honor!" (He pronounced it "arrum.")

19. "An arm, you goose! Who ever saw one that size? Why, it fills the whole window!"

"Sure, it does, yer honor: but it's an arm for all that."

"Well, it's got no business there, at any rate; go and take it away!"

PART THREE

20. There was a long silence after this, and Alice could only hear whispers now and then, such as, "Sure, I don't like it, yer honor, at all, at all !" "Do as I tell you, you coward !" and at last she spread out her hand again and made another snatch in the air. This time there were *two* little shrieks, and more sounds of broken glass. "What a number of cucumber-frames there must be!" thought Alice. "I wonder what they'll do next! As for pulling me out of the window, I only wish they *could*. I'm sure *I* don't want to stay in here any longer !"



ALICE HEARD A CRASH OF BROKEN GLASS

21. She waited for some time without hearing anything more. At last came a rumbling of little cart-wheels, and the sound of a good many voices all talking together. She made out the words, "Where's the other ladder?—Why, I hadn't to bring but one : Bill's got the other—Bill, fetch it here, lad !—Here, put 'em up at this corner—No, tie 'em together first—

they don't reach half high enough yet—Oh ! they'll do well enough ; don't be particular—Here, Bill, catch hold of this rope—Will the roof bear ?—Mind that loose slate—Oh, it's coming down ! Heads below !” (a loud crash)—“ Now, who did that ?—It was Bill, I fancy—Who's to go down the chimney ?—Nay, *I* shan't ! *You* do it !—*That* I won't then !—Bill's got to go down—Here, Bill ! the master says you've got to go down the chimney !”

22. “ Oh, so Bill's got to come down the chimney, has he ?” said Alice to herself. “ Why, they seem to put everything upon Bill ! I wouldn't be in Bill's place for a good deal: this fireplace is narrow, to be sure, but I *think* I can kick a little !”

23. She drew her foot as far down the chimney as she could, and waited till she heard a little animal (she couldn't guess of what sort it was) scratching and scrambling about in the chimney close above her : then, saying to herself, “ This is Bill,” she gave one sharp kick, and waited to see what would happen next.

24. The first thing she heard was a general chorus of “ There goes Bill !” Then the Rabbit's voice alone, “ Catch him, you by the hedge !” Then silence, and then another confusion of voices—“ Hold up his head—Brandy now—Don't choke him—How was it, old fellow ? What happened to you ? Tell us all about it !”

25. Last came a little feeble, squeaking voice

("That's Bill," thought Alice), "Well, I hardly know. No more, thank ye, I'm better now; but I'm a deal too flustered to tell you. All I know is, something comes at me like a Jack-in-the-box, and up I goes like a skyrocket !"

26. "So you did, old fellow !" said the others.

"We must burn the house down !" said the Rabbit's voice. And Alice called out as loud as she could, "If you do, I'll set Dinah at you !"

27. There was a dead silence instantly, and Alice thought to herself, "I wonder what they *will* do next ! If they had any sense, they'd take the roof off." After a minute or two they began moving about again, and Alice heard the Rabbit say, "A barrowful will do, to begin with."

28. "A barrowful of *what* ?" thought Alice; but she had not long to doubt,



"UP I GOES LIKE A SKYROCKET"

for the next moment a shower of little pebbles came rattling in at the window, and some of them hit her in the face. "I'll put a stop to this," she said to herself, and shouted out, "You'd better not do that again!" which produced another dead silence.

29. Alice noticed with some surprise that the pebbles were all turning into little cakes as they lay on the floor, and a bright idea came into her head. "If I eat one of these cakes," she thought, "it's sure to make some change in my size: and as it can't possibly make me larger, it must make me smaller, I suppose."

30. So she swallowed some of the cakes, and was delighted to find that she began shrinking directly. As soon as she was small enough to get through the door, she ran out of the house, and found quite a crowd of little animals and birds waiting outside. The poor little Lizard, Bill, was in the middle, being held up by two guinea-pigs, who were giving it something out of a bottle. They all made a rush at Alice the moment she appeared, but she ran off as hard as she could, and soon found herself safe in a thick wood.

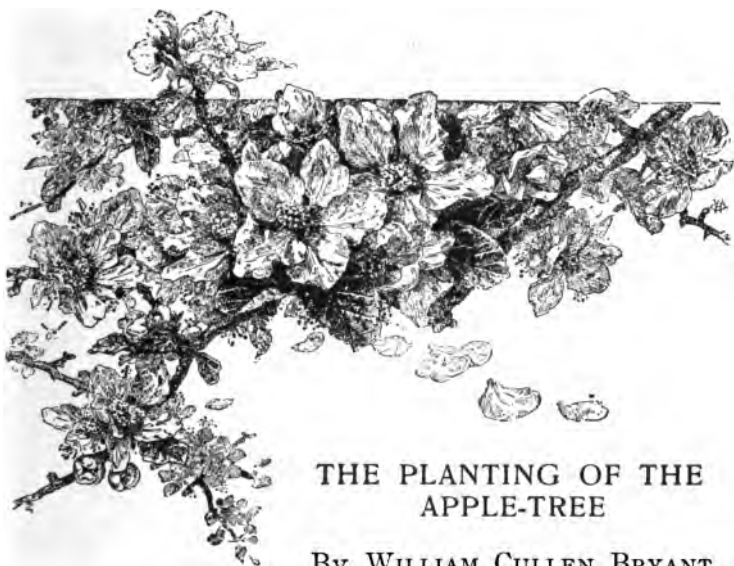
executed—beheaded.

ferrets—small animals of the weasel family.

lest—unless.

curious—strange; queer.

concluded—made up one's mind.

THE PLANTING OF THE
APPLE-TREE

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

1. Come, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet:
So plant we the apple-tree.
2. What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days

Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;

We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter for the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

3. What plant we in this apple-tree?

Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;

A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant, sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

4. What plant we in this apple-tree?

Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by
That fan the blue September sky,

While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

5. And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine,
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.
6. The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds, and our flag of stripe and star,
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple-tree.
7. Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower;
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,

The summer's song, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

8. And time shall waste this apple-tree.

Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple-tree?

9. "Who planted this old apple-tree?"

The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:

"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple-tree."

cleave—to break up or split.

sprigs—small branches.

sojourners—those staying for a
time in a place.

roseate—rose-colored.

verdurous—green.

quaint—old and queer.

Cin'-tra.

THE WATER-BABIES

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY

PART ONE

1. One day among the rocks Tom found a playfellow. It was not a water-baby, alas! but it was a lobster; and a very distinguished lobster he was; for he had live barnacles on his claws, which is a great mark of distinction in lobsterdom, and no more to be bought for money than a good conscience or the Victoria Cross.

2. Tom had never seen a lobster before; and he was mightily taken with this one; for he thought him the most curious, odd, ridiculous creature he had ever seen; and there he was not far wrong; for all the ingenious men, and all the scientific men, and all the fanciful men, in the world, with all the old German boggy-painters into the bargain, could never



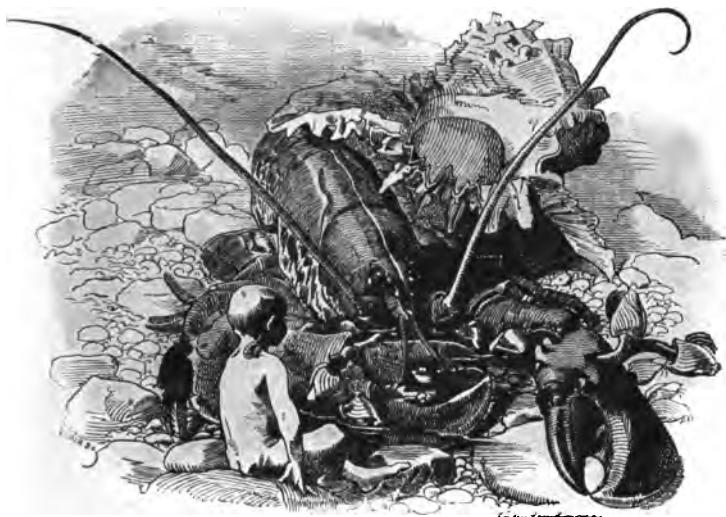
invent, if all their wits were boiled into one, anything so curious, and so ridiculous, as a lobster.

3. He had one claw knobbed and the other jagged; and Tom delighted in watching him hold on to the seaweed with his knobbed claw, while he cut up salads with his jagged one, and then put them into his mouth, after smelling at them like a monkey. And always the little barnacles threw out their casting-nets and swept the water, and came in for their share of whatever there was for dinner.

4. But Tom was most astonished to see how he fired himself off—snap! like the leap-frogs which you make out of a goose's breast-bone. Certainly he took the most wonderful shots, and backward, too. For, if he wanted to go into a narrow crack ten yards off, what do you think he did? If he had gone in head foremost, of course he could not have turned round. So he used to turn his tail to it, and lay his long horns, which carry his sixth sense in their tips (and nobody knows what that sixth sense is) straight down his back to guide him and twist his eyes back till they almost came out of their sockets, and then made ready, present, fire, snap!—and away he went, pop into the hole; and peeped out and twiddled his whiskers, as much as to say, "You couldn't do that."

5. Some time afterward Tom was going along the rocks in three-fathom water, watching the pollock

catch prawns, and the wrasses nibble barnacles off the rocks, shells and all, when he saw a round cage of green withes; and inside it, looking very much ashamed of himself, sat his friend, the lobster, twiddling his horns, instead of thumbs.



TOM FINDS A PLAYFELLOW

6. "What, have you been naughty, and have they put you in the lock-up?" asked Tom.

The lobster felt a little indignant at such a notion, but he was too much depressed in spirits to argue, so he only said, "I can't get out."

7. "Why did you get in?"

"After that nasty piece of dead fish." He had

thought it looked and smelled very nice when he was outside, and so it did, for a lobster; but now he turned round and abused it because he was angry with himself.

8. "Where did you get in?"

"Through that round hole at the top."

"Then why don't you get out through it?"

"Because I can't," and the lobster twiddled his horns more fiercely than ever, but he was forced to confess.

"I have jumped upward, downward, backward and sideways at least four thousand times, and I can't get out; I always get up underneath there, and can't find the hole."

9. Tom looked at the trap, and having more wit than the lobster, he saw plainly enough what was the matter, as you may if you will look at a lobster pot.

10. "Stop a bit," said Tom. "Turn your tail up to me, and I'll pull you through hindforemost, and then you won't stick in the spikes."

11. But the lobster was so stupid and clumsy that he couldn't hit the hole. Like a great many fox hunters, he was very sharp as long as he was in his own country, but as soon as they get out of it they lose their heads; and so the lobster, so to speak, lost his tail.

12. Tom reached and clawed down the hole after him, till he caught hold of him; and then, as was to be expected, the clumsy lobster pulled him in head foremost.



PART TWO

13. "Hullo! here is a pretty business," said Tom. "Now take your great claws, and break the points off those spikes, and then we shall both get out easily."

14. "Dear me, I never thought of that," said the lobster; "and after all the experience of life that I have had!"

15. You see, experience is of very little good unless a man, or a lobster, has wit enough to make use of it. For a good many people, -like old Polonius, have seen all the world, and yet remain little better than children after all.

16. But they had not got half the spikes away, when they saw a great dark cloud over them: and lo, and behold, it was the otter!

How she did grin and grin when she saw Tom. "Yar!" said she, "you little meddlesome wretch, I have you now! I will serve you out for telling the salmon where I was!" And she crawled all over the pot to get in.

17. Tom was horribly frightened, and still more frightened when she found the hole in the top, and squeezed herself right down through it, all eyes and teeth. But no sooner was her head inside than valiant Mr. Lobster caught her by the nose and held on.

18. And there they were all three in the pot, rolling over and over, and very tight packing it was. And the lobster tore at the otter, and the otter tore at the lobster, and both squeezed and thumped poor Tom till he had no breath left in his body; and I don't know what would have happened to him if he had not at last got on the otter's back, and safe out of the hole.

19. He was right glad when he got out; but he would not desert his friend who had saved him; and the first time he saw his tail uppermost he caught hold of it, and pulled with all his might.

But the lobster would not let go.

20. "Come along," said Tom; "don't you see she is dead." And so she was quite drowned and dead.

And that was the end of the wicked otter.

But the lobster would not let go.

21. "Come along, you stupid old stick-in-the-mud," cried Tom, "or the fishermen will catch you!" And that was true, for Tom felt some one above beginning to haul up the pot.

But the lobster would not let go.

22. Tom saw the fisherman haul him up to the boat-side, and thought it was all up with him. But when Mr. Lobster saw the fisherman he gave such a furious and tremendous snap that he snapped out of his hand, and out of the pot, and safe into the sea. But he left his knobbed claw behind him, for it never came into his stupid head to let go after all, so he just shook his claw off as the easier method. It was something of a bull, that; but you must know the lobster was an Irish lobster, and was hatched off Island Magee, at the mouth of Belfast Lough.

Tom asked the lobster why he never thought of letting go. He said very determinedly that it was a point of honor among lobsters.

barnacles—small sea animals that cling to other objects.

conscience—the inner thought that tells what is right or wrong.

ingenious—smart; wise.

scientific—exact; learned.

fathom—a water depth of six feet.

pollock—a fish.

prawn—English name for crawfish.

wrasses—small fish.

withes—twisted willow twigs.

twiddling—twisting awkwardly.

depressed—sad.

valiant—brave.

tremendous—large; great.

RAIN IN THE GARRET

BY IK MARVEL

1. It is an old garret, with big, brown rafters; and the boards between are stained darkly with the rain-storms of fifty years. And as the sportive April shower quickens its flood, it seems as if its torrents would come dashing through the shingles, upon you, and upon your play. But it will not; for you know that the old roof is strong, and that it has kept you and all that love you for long years from the rain, and from the cold. You know that the hardest storms of winter will only make a little oozing leak, that trickles down the brown stains—like tears.

2. You love that old garret roof; and you nestle down under its slope, with a sense of its protecting power that no castle walls can give to your maturer years. Ay, your heart clings in boyhood to the roof-tree of the old family garret, with a grateful affection, and an earnest confidence, that the after years—whatever may be their successes, or their honors—can never re-create. Under the roof-tree of his home the boy feels safe; and where, in the whole realm of life, with its bitter toils and its bitterer temptations, will he feel safe again?

3. But this you do not know. It seems only a grand old place; and it is capital fun to search in its

corners, and drag out some bit of quaint old furniture, with a leg broken, and lay a cushion across it, and fix your reins upon the lion's claws of the feet, and then—gallop away! And you offer sister Nelly a chance, if she will be good; and throw out very patronizing words to little Charlie, who is mounted upon a much humbler horse—to wit, a decrepit nursery chair—as he of right should be, since he is three years your junior.

4. I know no nobler forage ground for a romantic, venturesome, mischievous boy, than the garret of an old family mansion, on a day of storm. It is a perfect field of chivalry. The heavy rafters, the dashing rain, the piles of spare mattresses to carouse upon, the big trunks to hide in, the old white coats and hats hanging in obscure corners, like ghosts—are great!

5. And it is so far away from the old lady who keeps rule in the nursery, that there is no possible risk of a scolding for twisting off the fringe of the rug. There is no baby in the garret to wake up. There is no “company” in the garret to be disturbed by the noise. There is no crotchety old Uncle or Grandma, with their everlasting “Boys, boys”—and then a look of such horror!

6. There is great fun in groping through a tall barrel of books and pamphlets, on the lookout for startling pictures; and there are chestnuts in the garret,

drying, which you have discovered on the ledge of the chimney; and you slide a few into your pocket, and munch them quietly—giving now and then one to Nelly, and begging her to keep silent—for you have a great fear of its being forbidden fruit.

7. Old family garrets have their stock, as I said, of castaway clothes of twenty years gone by; and it is rare sport to put them on, buttoning in a pillow or two for the sake of good fullness; and then to trick out Nelly in some strange-shaped headgear, and old-fashioned brocade petticoat caught up with pins; and in such guise to steal cautiously down-stairs, and creep slyly into the sitting-room—half afraid of a scolding, and very sure of good fun—trying to look very sober, and yet almost ready to die with the laugh that you know you will make. And your mother tries to look harshly at little Nelly for putting on her grandmother's best bonnet; but Nelly's laughing eyes forbid it utterly, and the mother spoils all her scolding with a perfect shower of kisses.

8. After this, you go marching, very stately, into the nursery; and utterly amaze the old nurse, and make a deal of wonderment for the staring, half-frightened baby, who drops his rattle, and makes a bob at you, as if he would jump into your waistcoat pocket.

9. But you grow tired of this; you tire even of the

swing, and of the pranks of Charlie; and you glide away into a corner, with an old dog's-eared copy of Robinson Crusoe. And you grow heart and soul into the story, until you tremble for the poor fellow with his guns, behind the palisade, and are yourself half dead with fright, when you peep cautiously over the hill with your glass, and you see the cannibals at their orgies around the fire.

10. Yet, after all, you think the old fellow must have had a capital time, with a whole island to himself; and you think you would like such a time yourself, if only Nelly and Charlie could be there with you. But this thought does not come till afterwards; for the time you are nothing but Crusoe; you are living in his cave with Poll, the parrot, and are looking out for your goats, and man Friday.

11. And so, with your head upon your hand, in your quiet garret corner, over some such beguiling story, your thought leans away from the book, into your own dreamy cruise over the sea of life.

capital—first-rate.

decrepit—worn out with age.

junior—younger than another.

chivalry—politeness; gallantry.

carouse—to have a merry time.

obscure—out-of-the-way.

crotchety—to have odd ways;
whimsical.

palisade—a fence of high stakes.

cannibals—man-eaters.

Be not simply good, be good for something.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.



NIAGARA

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

1. Disappointment in Niagara seems to be affected, or childish. Your fancies may be very different, but the regal reality sweeps them away like weeds and dreams. You may have nourished some impossible idea of one ocean pouring itself over a precipice into another. But it was a wild whim of inexperience, and is in a moment forgotten. If, standing upon the bridge as you cross to Goat Island, you can watch the wild sweep and swirl of the waters round the

wooded point above, dashing, swelling and raging, but awful from the inevitable and resistless rush, and not feel that your fancy of a sea is paled by the chaos of wild water that tumbles toward you, then you are a child, and the forms of your thoughts are not precise enough for the profoundest satisfaction in great natural spectacles.

2. Over that bridge how slowly you will walk, and how silently, gazing in awe at the tempestuous sweep of the rapids, and glancing with wonder at the faint cloud of spray over the American Fall. As the sense of grandeur and beauty subdues your mind, you will still move quietly onward, pausing a moment, leaning a moment on the railing, closing your eyes to hear only Niagara, and ever, as a child says its prayers in time of danger, slowly, and with strange slowness, repeating to yourself "Niagara, Niagara!"

3. For although you have not yet seen the Cataract, you feel that nothing else can be the crisis of this excitement. Were you suddenly placed blindfolded where you stand, and your eyes were unbandaged, and you were asked, "What shall be the result of all this?" the answer would accompany the question, "Niagara!"

4. Yet marvellous calmness still waits upon intense feeling. "It was odd," wrote Sterling to a friend, "to be curiously studying the figures on the doctor's waist-

coat, while my life, as I thought, was bleeding from my lips." We must still sport with our emotions. Some philosopher will die, his last breath sparkling from his lips in a pun. Some fair and fated Lady Jane Grey will span her slight neck with delicate fingers, and smile to the headsman that his task is easy. And we, with kindred feeling, turn aside into the shop of Indian curiosities and play with Niagara, treating it as a jester, as a Bayadere, to await our pleasure.

5. Then, through the woods on Goat Island—solemn and stately woods—how slowly you will walk, again, and how silently! Ten years ago your friend carved his name upon some tree there, and Niagara must now wait until he finds it, swollen and shapeless with time. You saunter on. It is not a sunny day. It is cloudy, but the light is moist and rich, and when you emerge upon the quiet green path that skirts the English Rapids, the sense of life in the waters—the water as a symbol of life and human passion—fills your mind.

6. Certainly no other water in the world is watched with such anxiety, with such sympathy. The helplessness of its frenzied sweep saddens your heart. It is dark, fateful, foreboding. At times, as if a wild despair had seized it and rent it, it seethes, and struggles, and dashes foam-like into the air. Not with

kindred passion do you regard it, but sadly, with folded hands of resignation, as you watch the death struggle of a hero. It sweeps away as you look, dark, and cold, and curling, and the seething you saw, before your thought is shaped, is an eddy of foam in the Niagara River below.

7. As yet you have not seen the Fall. You are coming with its waters, and are at its level. But groups of persons, sitting upon yonder point which we see through the trees, are looking at the Cataract. We do not pause for them ; we run now, down the path, along the bridges, into the tower, and lean far over where the spray cools our faces. The living water of the rapids moves to its fall as if torpid with terror ; and the river that we saw, in one vast volume, now pours over the parapet and makes Niagara. It is not all stricken into foam as it falls, but the densest mass is smooth, and almost of livid green.

8. Yet, even as it plunges, see how curls of spray exude from the very substance of the mass, airy, sparkling and wreathing into mist—emblems of the water's resurrection into summer clouds. Looking over into the abyss, we behold nothing below, we hear only a slow, constant thunder ; and, bewildered in the mist, dream that the Cataract has cloven the earth to its center, and that, pouring its waters into the fervent

inner heat, they hiss into spray, and overhang the fated Fall, the sweat of its agony.

chaos—disorder.

spectacles—wonders.

awe—fear, reverence.

pun—play on words, witticism.

frenzied—angered.

seething—boiling.

parapet—wall.

exude—throw out discharge.

resurrection—rising, revival.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!

Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone,

Enjoyed the peace your valor won.

Let independence be our boast,

Ever mindful what it cost;

Ever grateful for the prize,

Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united, let us be

Rallying round our Liberty;

As a band of brothers joined,

Peace and safety we shall find.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

PSALM XXIII

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! There's no place like home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THE THREE COPECKS

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

1. Crouched low in a sordid chamber,
 With a cupboard of empty shelves,
Half starved, and, alas, unable
 To comfort or help themselves,
2. Two children were left forsaken,
 All orphaned of mortal care;
But with spirits too close to heaven
 To be tainted by earth's despair,
3. Alone in that crowded city,
 Which shines like an arctic star,
By the banks of the frozen Neva,
 In the realms of the mighty Czar.
4. Now, Max was an urchin of seven;
 But his delicate sister, Leeze,
With the crown of her rippling ringlets,
 Could scarcely have reached your knees.
5. As he looked on his sister weeping,
 And tortured by hunger's smart,
A thought like an angel entered
 At the door of his opened heart.



MAX AND THE PRIEST

6. He wrote on a fragment of paper,
With a quivering hand and soul,
*"Please send to me, Christ, three copecks,
To purchase for Leeze a roll!"*

7. Then, rushed to a church, his missive
To drop—ere the vesper psalms—
As the surest mail bound Christward,
In the unlocked box for alms!

8. While he stepped upon tiptoe to reach it,
One passed from the priestly band,
And with smile like a benediction,
Took the note from his eager hand.

9. Having read it, the good man's bosom
Grew warm with a holy joy;
*"Ah! Christ may have heard you already,
Will you come to my house, my boy?"*

10. "But not without Leeze?" "No surely
We'll have a rare party of three;
Go, tell her that somebody's waiting
To welcome her home to tea."

11. That night in the cosiest cottage,
The orphans were safe at rest,
Each sang as a callow birdling,
In the depths of its downy nest.
12. And the next Lord's Day, in his pulpit,
The preacher so spake of these,
Stray lambs from the fold, which Jesus
Had blessed by the sacred seas:
13. So recounted their guileless story,
As he held each child by the hand,
That the hardest there could feel it,
And the dullest could understand.
14. O'er the eyes of the listening fathers
There floated a gracious mist;
And oh, how the tender mothers
Those desolate darlings kissed!
15. "You have given your tears," said the preacher,
"Heart-aims we should none despise;
*But the open palm, my children,
Is more than the weeping eyes!"*

16. Then followed a swift collection,
 From the altar steps to the door,
 Till the sum of two thousand rubles
 The vergers had counted o'er.
17. So you see that the unmailed letter
 Had somehow gone to its goal
 And more than three copecks gathered
 To purchase for Leeze a roll!

copeck—a Russian coin; equals
 about one-half cent.

orphaned—without parents.

realms—kingdoms.

Czar—ruler of Russia.

benediction—blessing.

callow—inexperienced.

guileless—childlike; innocent.

desolate—lonely; dreary.

alms—gifts for the poor.

vergers—church attendants.

My faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine!
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away,
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine.

RAY PALMER

BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO

(From "General Houston")

BY HENRY BRUCE

PART ONE

1. An army order of Houston's, issued on the 7th of April, has some quick, sharp sentences that sound like battle: "The moment for which we have waited with anxiety and interest is fast approaching. The victims of the Alamo and the manes of those who were murdered at Goliad call for cool, deliberate vengeance. Strict discipline, order, and subordination will insure us the victory. The army will be in readiness for action at a moment's warning. The field officers have the immediate execution of this order in charge for their respective commands."

2. Soon after this Santa Anna crossed the Brazos; Houston had let him cross in order that he might cut him off. To an angry letter from the government *ad interim*, Houston sent back a sharp answer on the 13th of April; on the same day he issued a ringing proclamation to the people of eastern Texas: "You have suffered panic," he says, "to seize you, and idle rumor to guide you. You will now be told that the enemy have crossed the Brazos, and that Texas is conquered. Reflect, reason with yourselves, and you

cannot believe a part of it. The enemy have crossed the Brazos, but they are treading the soil on which they are to be conquered. . . . If, then, you wish your country saved join her standard! Protect your wives, your children, and your homes, by repairing to the field, where alone, by discipline and concert of action, you can be effective."

3. Houston had crossed the Brazos too, but apparently after the Mexicans; he had let Santa Anna get in front of him, though by no means ahead of him. For another week the two armies moved slowly eastward, this time the Mexicans on the initiative, the Texans content with checking them. Santa Anna had diverged from the direct route to Nacogdoches, much farther north, and was making for Harrisburg, on the Buffalo River, hoping to be able to capture the migratory government *ad interim*. The government fled again; and by the 19th of April Houston had got Santa Anna shut up between the mouth of the Buffalo River and the marshes along the "San Jacinto Bay," the embouchure at once of the Buffalo and of the San Jacinto.

4. On the 19th we find him writing to Colonel Rusk in the field:

"This morning we are in preparation to meet Santa Anna. It is the only chance of saving Texas. . . . We will only be about seven hundred to march, be-

sides the camp guard. But we go to conquest. It is wisdom growing out of necessity to meet and fight the enemy now. Every consideration enforces it. The troops are in fine spirits, and now is the time for action. We will use our best efforts to fight the enemy to such advantage as will insure victory, though the odds are greatly against us. I leave the result in the hands of an all-wise God, and I rely confidently upon his providence. My country will do justice to those who serve her. The right for which we fight will be secured, and Texas shall be free."

5. Houston was to the north, upon the Buffalo; Santa Anna was to the south, against the marshes, and Houston was taking measures to destroy the single bridge that secured the retreat of either army. "Let it be an easy-going fight, General," one of Houston's free and easy soldiers had advised him from the ranks; and he was taking his time about it. On the 20th Santa Anna drew up his eighteen hundred Mexicans in line and wanted to fight; Houston's men, also, wanted to fight, but he would not. From the breezy forests of Tennessee, from the hot marshes of Jalapa, Houston and Santa Anna had been, during several years, drawing nearer and nearer to one another; "they two had, strangely enough, business together." Their meeting would not be much longer deferred. Each was a man resistless and unresisted in his own sphere,

accustomed to conquer every person with whom he came in contact.

6. On the 21st of April, 1836, was fought the battle of San Jacinto. Mr. Lester's statements are not, perhaps, always or altogether as scrupulously exact as they might be, but as his account of San Jacinto is spirited, and derived at first hand from Houston and from Rusk, we may let him speak here:

7. "The night which preceded the bloody slaughter of San Jacinto rolled away and brightly broke forth the morning of the last day of Texan servitude. Before the first gray lines shot up the east, three strange taps of a drum [according to another account Houston beat the drum on this morning as always] were heard in the camp, and seven hundred soldiers sprang to their feet as one man. The camp was busy with the soldier-hum of preparation for battle; but in the midst of it all Houston slept on calmly. The soldiers had eaten the last meal they were to eat till they had won their independence. They were under arms, ready for the struggle.

8. "At last the sun came up over the prairie, without a single cloud. It shone full and clear in the face of the Texan commander, and it waked him to battle. He sprang to his feet and exclaimed, 'The sun of Austerlitz has risen again!' His face was calm, and for the first time in many weeks every shade of trouble had moved from his brow."

9. There followed several hours of preparation, and of that restraint which is as important a factor in battles as in art. The Mexicans were eighteen hundred; four hundred to the east, under General Almonte, and fourteen hundred under Santa Anna's immediate command, to the west and southwest. On the west of the two armies was the road leading to Vince's Bridge, over the Buffalo, which offered the only means of retreat for either party. Houston was on the north of Santa Anna, with seven hundred men, more or less. He had just received from the citizens of Cincinnati an invaluable present of two brass cannon, called the "Twin Sisters." He had sixty horsemen under the command of Colonel Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, who did good service on this day.

10. "Everything," says Mr. Lester, "was now [at nine o'clock] ready, and every man at his post waiting for the charge. The two six-pounders had commenced a well-directed fire of grape and canister, and they shattered bones and baggage where they struck. The moment had at last come. Houston ordered the charge, and sounded out the war-cry, REMEMBER THE ALAMO. These magic words struck the ear of every soldier at the same instant, and 'THE ALAMO! THE ALAMO!' went up from the army in one wild scream, which sent terror through the Mexican host.

PART TWO

11. "At that moment a rider came up on a horse covered with mire and foam, swinging an axe over his head, and dashed along the Texan lines, crying out, as he had been instructed to do, 'I have cut down Vince's Bridge! Now fight for your lives, and remember the Alamo!'—and then the solid phalanx, which had been held back for a moment at the announcement, dashed forward on the breastworks like an avalanche of fire. Houston spurred his horse on at the head of the centre column right into the face of the foe.

12. "The Mexican army. was drawn up in perfect order, ready to receive the attack, and when the Texans were within about sixty paces, and before they had fired a rifle, a general flash was seen along the Mexican lines, and a storm of bullets went flying over the Texan army. They fired too high, but several balls struck Houston's horse in the breast, and one ball shattered the general's ankle. The noble animal staggered for a moment, but Houston spurred him on."

13. This battle of San Jacinto, the name of which still makes old men thrill as they remember the huge renown of it in their youth, lasted only twenty minutes. It was but a rout and a pursuit.

14. "Meantime," continues Mr. Lester, "although

BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO



Houston's wound was bleeding profusely, and his dying horse could scarce stagger his way over the slain, yet the commander-in-chief saw every movement of his army, and followed the tide of battle as it rolled over the field. Wherever his eye fell he saw the Mexicans staggering back under the resistless shock of his heroic soldiers. Regiments and battalions, cavalry and infantry, horses and men, were hurled together; and every officer and every man seemed to be bent on a work of slaughter for himself.

15. "The Mexican army had now been driven from their position, and were flying before their pursuers. Houston saw that the battle was won, and he rode over the field and gave his orders to stop the carnage if the enemy would surrender. But he had given the Alamo for their war-cry, and the magic word could not be recalled. The ghosts of brave men, massacred at Goliad and the Alamo, flitted through the smoke of battle, and the uplifted hand could not be stayed."

16. Let us glance at the movements of this same Santa Anna, as narrated by Colonel Rusk.

"When the Mexicans were first driven from the point of woods where we encountered them, their officers tried to rally them, but the men cried, 'It's no use, it's no use; there are a thousand Americans in the woods!' When Santa Anna saw Almonte's division running past him, he called a drummer and ordered

him to beat his drum. The drummer held up his hand and told him he was shot. He called then to a trumpeter near him to sound his horn. The trumpeter replied that he also was shot. Just at that instant a ball from one of our cannon struck a man who was standing near Santa Anna, taking off one side of his head. Santa Anna then exclaimed, 'I believe they will shoot us all!' He immediately mounted his horse and commenced his flight."

17. At first the Mexicans, though taken by surprise, resisted well; then "they either attempted to fly, and were stabbed in the back, or fell on their knees to plead for mercy, crying, 'Me no Alamo!' 'Me no Alamo!'" Some seven hundred of them were slain, some seven hundred captured; the marshes and the river were choked with their bodies. The Texan loss was six killed in the field and about twenty-five wounded. At dusk the victors "returned to the camp, where a command was left to guard the spoils taken from the enemy. As the commander-in-chief was riding across the field, the victorious soldiers came up in crowds, and slapping him rudely on the wounded leg, exclaimed,

"'Do you like our work to-day, General?'

18. "'Yes, boys, you have covered yourselves with glory, and I decree to you the spoils of victory; I will reward valor. I only claim to share the honors of

our triumph with you. I shall not take my share of the spoils.' He did not.

19. "While he was giving his orders, after he reached the Texan encampment, and before he dismounted, General Rusk came in and presented his prisoner Almonte. It was the first time these two men had ever met. This seemed to give a finishing stroke to the victory; and Houston, who was completely exhausted from fatigue and loss of blood, fell from his horse. Colonel Hockley caught him in his arms and laid him at the foot of the oak."

20. The next day General Santa Anna, himself, was discovered, in disguise, and was captured and taken before General Houston.—EDITOR.

ad interim—for the present; meanwhile.

initiative—the first steps.

diverged—turned aside.

migratory—wandering.

embouchure—opening; mouth.

scrupulously—carefully; precisely.

servitude—slavery; service.

restraint—holding back; hindrance.

canister—small shot.

phalanx—a part of army arranged in solid body.

avalanche—large body of snow or ice sliding down mountain.

indiscriminate—without care.

battalion—body of foot soldiers.

regiment—member of battalions.

cavalry—horse soldiers.

infantry—foot soldiers.

carnage—bloodshed.

San Ja-cin'-to.

Nac'og-do'ches.

Al'-a-mo.

Go'-li-ad.

Ja-lap'-a.

San'ta An'na.

Aus'-ter-litz.

THE BALLAD OF KING'S MOUNTAIN

BY WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

Simms (1806-1870), a South Carolinian, devoted a long life to letters. He wrote poetry, plays, histories, and novels. He is remembered chiefly for his long list of novels of Southern adventure. Perhaps the most popular of his stories are "Guy Rivers" and "The Yemassee."

1. Hark! 'tis the voice of the mountain,
And it speaks to our heart in its pride,
As it tells of the bearing of heroes,
Who compassed its summits and died!
How they gathered to strife as the eagles,
When the foeman had clambered the height!
How, with scent keen and eager as beagles,
They hunted them down for the fight!
2. Hark! through the gorge of the valley,
'Tis the bugle that tells of the foe;
Our own quickly sounds for the rally,
And we snatch down the rifle and go.
As the hunters who hear of the panther,
Each arms him and leaps to his steed,
Rides forth through the desolate antre,
With the knife and the rifle at need.

3. From a thousand deep gorges they gather—
From the cot lowly perched by the rill,
The cabin half hid in the heather,
'Neath the crag where the eagle keeps still;
Each lonely at first in his roaming,
Till the vale to the sight opens fair,
And he sees the low cot through the gloaming,
When his bugle gives tongue to the air.
4. Thus a thousand brave hunters assemble
For the hunt of the insolent foe;
And soon shall his myrmidons tremble
'Neath the shock of the thunderbolt's blow.
Down the lone heights now wind they together,
As the mountain brooks flow to the vale,
And now, as they group on the heather,
The keen scout delivers his tale:
5. "The British—the Tories are on us;
And now is the moment to prove
To the women whose virtues have won us,
That our virtues are worthy their love!
They have swept the vast valleys below us,
With fire to the hills from the sea;
And here would they seek to o'erthrow us,
In a realm which our eagle makes free!"

6. No war council suffered to trifle
With the hours devote to the deed;
Swift followed the grasp of the rifle,
Swift followed the bound to the steed;



GRIM DASHED THEY AWAY

- And soon, to the eyes of our yeomen,
All panting with rage at the sight,
Gleamed the long wavy tents of the foeman
As he lay in his camp on the height.
7. Grim dashed they away as they bounded,
The hunters to hem in the prey,

And with Deckard's long rifles surrounded,
 Then the British rose fast to the fray;
 And never, with arms of more vigor,
 Did their bayonets press through the strife,
 Where, with every swift pull of the trigger,
 The sharpshooters dashed out a life!

8. 'Twas the meeting of eagles and lions,
 'Twas the rushing of tempests and waves,
 Insolent triumph 'gainst patriot defiance,
 Born freemen 'gainst sycophant slaves;
 Scotch Ferguson sounding his whistle,
 As from danger to danger he flies,
 Feels the moral that lies in Scotch thistle,
 With its "Touch me who dare!" and he dies.

9. An hour, and the battle is over;
 The eagles are rending the prey;
 The serpents seek flight into cover,
 But the terror still stands in the way:
 More dreadful the doom that on treason
 Avenges the wrong of the state;
 And the oak tree for many a season
 Bears its fruit for the vultures of Fate.

beagles—hounds for hunting.

antre—wilderness.

heather—a plant.

insolent—saucy; impertinent.

myrmidon—a soldier who serves
 without question.

yeomen—commoners; farmers.

sycophant—mean flatterer.

PATRICK HENRY

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE

Cooke (1830-1886), a Virginia soldier and author, is best known for his fine Southern stories. Among them are, "The Virginia Comedians," "Surrey of Eagle's Nest," and "Mohun."

During the war he was an officer of high rank under Jackson and later under Lee. He gave us eloquent accounts of his great leaders in "Lives" of these generals.

The following is taken from his "Stories of the Old Dominion." The stories are charming sketches of the great men and great events of this "mother of States and of statesmen."

PART ONE

1. Patrick Henry was the son of a farmer in Hanover County, and was born in May, 1736. In his boyhood and early manhood he was so idle that he was looked on as good for nothing. He spent most of his time in hunting and fishing, or playing the fiddle, instead of helping on his father's farm; and at last, as his family did not know what to do with him, he was sent to be a clerk in a small country store. Some time afterward he opened a store for himself, but soon failed. He then married a young lady of the neighborhood, whose father gave him a farm; but he failed at farming, too, and two years afterward the farm was sold. He then went back to store-keeping, and failed

at that again; and now he was without the means of support for himself and his wife.

2. This was his own fault, as you can easily see. He would not attend to his business. He still passed his time in fishing and playing the fiddle, and the consequence was that he succeeded at nothing which he undertook. A stout, healthy young man may fail in store-keeping, but he ought not to fail on a farm. If he is industrious and follows his plow, he can always make a support for his family. But Patrick Henry was too lazy to do so. So he fell into debt, his farm had to be sold, and he found himself without a home.

3. Something, he now saw, had to be done. His friends could not support him, and no doubt he was too proud to consent to that. He therefore resolved to study law, and borrowed some old law-books, which he began to read; and six weeks afterward he applied for a license to practise law. This seemed quite absurd. The old judge to whom he applied found that he knew almost nothing of law, and was unwilling to give him his license. As Patrick Henry promised him, however, that he would go on studying, he at last consented. The license was granted him, and he set up at Hanover Courthouse as a lawyer.

4. None of his friends had the least idea that he would ever do anything in his profession. They knew how idle and ignorant he was, and no doubt supposed

that the law office would soon be shut up, just as his store had been. There was nothing about him to show that he would succeed. His appearance was as ungainly as possible. He had a stooping figure, and was awkward in all his movements. He wore faded old clothes, leather breeches, and yarn stockings, and his manner of speaking was quite as rough as his dress. As an instance of this, he pronounced "natural," "learning," and "earth"—"nait'ral," "lar-nin'," and "airth"; for, when he and one of his friends were disputing one day about the advantages of education, he exclaimed, "Nait'ral parts are better than all the larnin' on airth!"

5. No one could suppose that a person who spoke in this illiterate manner would ever turn out to be a great public speaker; and his friends and neighbors had a lower opinion of him still as a lawyer. He was so ignorant that he could not write the simplest law-paper; so he got no business to attend to, and was reduced to the greatest distress. He had to help to keep a tavern belonging to his father-in-law at the courthouse, to earn his daily bread; and the whole prospect before him was as gloomy as any one can imagine. But the time was near when a great change was to take place in his fortunes, and of this I will now tell you.

6. A lawsuit was brought by the clergymen of the Episcopal Church in Hanover County to recover

money which they said was due them for preaching in their parishes. When you grow older you will read all about this famous lawsuit. It turned upon the question whether the "parsons," as they were called, should be paid for their services in money or tobacco, which was then used as currency, like gold and bank-notes; and the King of England had decided in one way, and the Virginia House of Burgesses in another. As the King's decision was in favor of the parsons, they brought a lawsuit to get their pay, and there seemed nothing to do but to pay them. All the old lawyers who examined the question gave it up at once, when the report suddenly spread that young Patrick Henry was going to "plead against the parsons."

7. When this became known, everybody began to laugh. It seemed absurd that an ignorant youth should attempt to do what the old lawyers could not. He was only twenty-seven, and almost unacquainted with law. Besides this, he had never made a public speech in his life, and it was known that there would be a crowd to hear how the case would be decided. Everybody predicted that he would make a complete failure; and though the people wished him good luck, as they were against the parsons, they expected that the whole affair would be quite ridiculous.

8. At last the day came, and a great crowd assembled

at Hanover Courthouse. The court was opened, and Patrick Henry came across the street from the tavern where he lived, and took his seat behind the bar. The sight before him was enough to frighten a young man unaccustomed to public speaking. The courthouse was crowded with people, and the twelve men of the jury were ready. On a raised platform opposite sat the magistrates and a large number of the clergy, or parsons, and these were waiting, with a feeling of triumph, for the decision which they were certain would be in their favor.

PART TWO

9. All eyes were fixed on the poorly dressed young lawyer, and he hung his head and seemed confused. His friends felt as if he had placed himself in a very ridiculous position; but it was too late to think of that now, and the counsel for the clergymen opened the case. He said that there was no doubt at all about the law of the matter. His majesty the King of England had decided it, and so had the courts. All that was to be done now was for the jury to fix the amount of damages—that is to say, how much money was to be paid the clergymen. And then the speaker took his seat, and Patrick Henry rose to reply to him.

10. Every sound was now hushed, and every eye was fixed upon the young man. He seemed to feel this, and to be almost too much confused to utter a word. His

voice could scarcely be heard, and his head hung down as though he were ashamed of himself and his presumption. His friends felt for him, and were almost tempted to leave the courthouse, in order not to be present and witness his humiliation.

11. Very soon, however, a change took place in Patrick Henry's whole appearance. He seemed gradually to become accustomed to the sound of his own voice, and his tones grew firmer and louder. As he went on, he became more and more excited, and soon his eyes began to flash, and his voice to fill the whole courthouse. He seemed scarcely to be the same man, and carried every listener along with him; and they saw from his treatment of the case that he knew just what he was about. He scarcely touched the question of the law, as he knew that it was against him. He addressed himself to the jury, and told them they had to decide between the King of England and the Virginia House of Burgesses. The Burgesses were their own people, and the king a stranger to them. He had no right to issue his orders to them——

12. Here the old lawyer who was for the clergy started up, exclaiming, "The gentleman has spoken treason!"

But Patrick Henry did not stop. It never did any good, as people afterward found, to try to frighten him. The interruption only made him more violent in

his denunciation. He repeated what he had said, and declared that the parsons were no better than the king. Men who led such lives as they did had no right to be demanding the people's money; and his expressions grew so violent at last that the clergy rose in a body and indignantly left the court-room.

13. Henry then ended his speech in the midst of great excitement, and soon afterward the jury retired to consult upon their verdict. This was awaited with breathless interest. The law was wholly in favor of the parsons, as the king's order could not be disobeyed; but the jury could fix any amount of damages they chose—or at least they did so, as everybody soon perceived. They came back at length and gave in their verdict. It was one penny damages—about two cents; and no sooner had the crowd heard this than they uttered a shout of delight.

14. All was uproar and confusion. The old lawyer who represented the clergy rose and exclaimed that the verdict was against the law, and demanded that the jury should be sent back. But his voice could scarcely be heard. The crowd was shouting and gathering with delight around Patrick Henry. At last they caught him up and placed him on their shoulders, and bore him out. And in this way he was carried in triumph around the grounds of the old courthouse, the crowd cheering and shouting in his honor,

15. The scene of this great event remains almost unchanged to this day. The old courthouse is still standing in its grassy yard; and I have visited it, and looked with deep interest at the old colonial building where the voice of young Patrick was first raised against England.

PART THREE

16. This was the beginning of his great career. On the day before he was almost unknown, but now he was famous. There is no doubt that everything happened just as I have related. His friends and neighbors wondered at his genius and eloquence; and when they wished to pay a compliment to any public speaker afterward, exclaimed, "He was almost equal to Patrick Henry when he plead against the parsons!"

17. Henry soon obtained a plenty of law practice. His dark days had passed, and two years afterward he was elected to the Burgesses. Here he made his great speech against the Stamp Act, and "started the ball of revolution."

18. As the scene which took place on this occasion was quite a remarkable one, I will describe it.

You will remember what I said about the English law called the "Stamp Act," which ordered that the Americans should not transact business unless all the papers had a certain stamp upon them. As you have

been told, this produced a great excitement in the colonies. It was regarded as an open attempt to make them the slaves of England, as they were not represented by any of their own people in the Parliament which made the law; and when the stamps came over, they were so angry that they seized upon them in many parts of the country, and burned them.

19. In Virginia the excitement about the stamps was very great. Some people said that as the colonies belonged to England, and the king had authority over them, they ought not to refuse to obey the law, but to write a petition asking the king to change it, and that this petition should be as respectful as possible. But others said that such petitions would be of no use. They had been tried over and over, and the best thing to do now was to tell the king plainly that no one on earth had the right to tax Virginians except the Virginia House of Burgesses.

20. The Burgesses soon met at Williamsburg. It was in the year 1765, two years after Patrick Henry's great speech against the parsons; and, as I have told you, he was a member of the House. Everbody soon saw that there would be an excited time. The people everywhere were talking about the Stamp Act, and the Burgesses knew that something would have to be done.

21. They were generally rich men, with large farms,

and lived in great style. They loved England, for the Virginia people had never forgotten that their fathers and grandfathers were Englishmen; and they were proud of their blood. They were quite willing that the King of England should continue to reign over them, if they were treated like the rest of his subjects who lived in England. If they were not, they meant to resist, but not to act in a passion. It would be far better, they thought, to petition the king to do them justice, than to tell him in plain words that they would not obey him.

22. When Patrick Henry reached Williamsburg he found that this was the general way of thinking. Scarcely a single member of the Burgesses was ready to act promptly. They still hoped for a "redress of grievances," as it was called, by sending a petition to the king; but Patrick Henry had made up his mind that this would do no good. He therefore determined to act boldly, and soon after the House assembled he rose to address them.

23. They were a grave and imposing body, very different from the plain countrymen whom he was accustomed to in Hanover. Their dress and appearance indicated their rank in society. On all sides were powdered heads and ruffled shirts, and faces full of dignity. They were almost all large landholders, accustomed to be treated with the highest respect; and

the contrast between them and Patrick Henry was very striking. He was as rough looking as ever. His hair was unpowdered, and he wore a faded old coat, leather breeches, and yarn stockings. In short, he was exactly the same awkward-looking countryman as before.

24. As he rose in his place, the Burgesses turned their heads and looked at him. They scarcely knew his name, and no doubt thought it presumptuous in this plainly dressed young man to be taking the lead, and telling older persons what was best to be done. But Patrick Henry paid no attention to their looks of surprise. He had made up his mind to say what he had to say, and give his own opinion at least on the subject of the Stamp Act. He spoke in a quiet tone and was listened to in deep silence. The Stamp Act was illegal, and oppressive to Virginia, he said; and he therefore moved that the House of Burgesses should pass the resolutions he was about to read to them. He then read the resolutions, which he had written on a blank leaf torn out of an old law book. The tone of them was respectful, but there was no doubt what they meant, as the last of them declared that no one had the right to tax Virginia but the Virginia Burgesses.

25. The resolutions were looked upon as violent and very imprudent. They, in fact, asserted that the king

had no right to levy taxes in Virginia, which was very much like rebellion; and several speakers at once rose, and denounced them as highly injudicious. There was a violent excitement, as one after another spoke against the resolutions, and then Patrick Henry rose to defend them.

26. His whole appearance had changed, and the Burgesses soon found that the poorly clad young countryman was a matchless speaker, and superior to all of them. His head was carried erect, and his stooping figure grew as straight as an arrow. His eye flashed, and his voice rolled through the hall like thunder. He was fully aroused, and denounced England in terms of the bitterest insult. Why were English people better than Virginians? he asked. What right had the Parliament to tyrannize over the colonies? And as to the King of England, he had better look to his life.

27. "Cæsar had his Brutus," he exclaimed, "Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third——"

"Treason!" came from every part of the hall; but Henry did not shrink.

"And George the Third may profit by their example!" he added. "If this be treason, make the most of it!"

28. He took his seat after uttering these brave words, in the midst of great excitement. It was plain that



PATRICK HENRY DELIVERING HIS FAMOUS SPEECH

his speech had made a strong impression. Speech after speech was made—some in favor of, and some opposed to the resolutions; but at last, it was seen that Henry's wonderful eloquence had swept away everything. When the House was called upon to say whether the resolutions should pass or not, they were passed—the last and most important of them, by a single vote.

29. The Burgesses then adjourned, in the midst of general excitement. One of them rushed out, declaring that he would have given five hundred guineas for a single vote, in order to defeat the resolutions. But the people were delighted to hear that they had passed. As Henry pushed through the crowd, a plain countryman slapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed:

“Stick to us, old fellow, or we are gone!”

illiterate—possessing little education.

currency—money in general use.

burgesses—lawmakers for the colony.

predicted—foretold.

magistrates—officers who enforce the law.

humiliation—cause to be ashamed.

denunciation—threat.

verdict—judgment.

eloquence—power of speaking well; oratory.

presumptuous—bold; forward,

illegal—against the law.

OLD IRONSIDES

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES



Dr. Holmes (1809-1894) was born in Cambridge, and was educated in Harvard College of that city. While a young man he removed to Boston and began the practice of medicine. For the remainder of his life, more than fifty years, he made his home in the Massachusetts capital, which he humorously called "the hub of the universe."

But not all his time was taken up in his profession nor in his work of lecturing to Harvard medical students ; he was one of

our first literary men and did a large amount of work in a number of fields of authorship. He wrote two novels, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel," and three volumes of his opinions upon various topics, called the "Autocrat Series" because the first of them was called "The Autocrat at the Breakfast-Table." In addition he published a volume of poems.

Many of his poems are humorous. "The Hot Season," "The Comet," "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay" are familiar examples of his best work in this vein.

But the greater number of his poems were written in response to some patriotic impulse, as "Old Ironsides" was written to remind the people of the faithful services of the old ship "Constitution" that was about to be destroyed. No public occasion in Boston was

complete without a poem from Dr. Holmes, and, as he wrote readily and easily, he was apt to accept all the invitations extended to him. He welcomed many distinguished guests to our shores, and said farewell to many departing citizens ; he said the happy word at all kinds of public gatherings, such as country fairs, class-day exercises, birthday celebrations, and occasions of national holidays. In England the crown selects one poet for official distinction and calls him poet-laureate. If America had followed this custom, in his day Dr. Holmes would undoubtedly have been America's poet-laureate.



OLD IRONSIDES

1. Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;

Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar;—
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more!

2. Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee;—
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

3. O better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave;
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale!

ay—yes.

ensign—flag; banner.

meteor—shooting star.

harpies—evil birds which plundered and stole.

hulk—the body of a ship.



ROBINSON CRUSOE

BY DANIEL DEFOE

1. And now our case was very dismal indeed; for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high that the boat could not escape, and that we should be inevitably drowned. A raging wave took us with such a fury that it overset the boat at once, and separating us, as well, from the boat as from one another, gave us not time hardly to say, "O God!" for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

2. Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sank into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from

the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on toward the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in.

3. I was now landed, and safe on shore, and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved, in a case wherein there was, some minutes before, scarce any room to hope. I believe it is impossible to express, to the life, what the ecstasies and transports of the soul are when it is so saved, as I may say, out of the very grave. I walked about on the shore, lifting up my hands, and my whole being, as I may say, wrapt up in a contemplation of my deliverance; making a thousand gestures and motions which I cannot describe; reflecting upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself; for, as for them, I never saw them afterwards, nor any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

4. Night coming upon me, I began, with a heavy heart, to consider what would be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country, seeing at night they always come abroad for their prey. All the remedy that offered to my thoughts, at that time, was to get up into a thick, bushy tree, like a fir, but thorny, which grew near me, and where I resolved to

sit all night, and consider the next day what death I should die, for as yet I saw no prospect of life.

5. When I waked it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before; but that which surprised me most was, that the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay, and was driven within about a mile from the shore where I was. The ship seemed to stand upright still; I wished myself on board, that at least I might save some necessary things for my use.

6. A little after noon I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. And here I found a fresh renewing of my grief; for I saw evidently that, if we had kept on board, we had been all safe; that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was. This forced tears to my eyes again; but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took to the water. But when I came to the ship, my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board; for, as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of.

7. I swam around her twice, and the second time I espied a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hanging down by the forechains so low, that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope got up into the forecastle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold; but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search, and see what was spoiled and what was free. And, first, I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by water, and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread room, and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose.

8. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship; I resolved to fall to work with them, and I flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope, that they might not drive away. When this was done, I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me, I tied four of them together at both ends, as well as I could, in the form of a raft, and laying two or three short

pieces of plank upon them, crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light. So I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labor and pains.

9. My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft; the first of these I filled with provisions. While I was doing this, I found the tide began to flow, though very calm; and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away. As for my breeches, which were only linen, and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings.

10. However, this put me upon rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon; as, first, tools to work with on shore; and it was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a ship-lading of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, whole as it was, without



ROBINSON CRUSOE PUSHING OFF FROM THE SHIP

losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

11. My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols. These I secured first, with some powder horns, a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good; the third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft with the arms.

12. For a mile, or thereabouts, my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before; by which I preceived that there was some indraft of the water, and consequently, I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

13. At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft, and at last got so near that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in. As soon as I found water enough, for my raft drew a foot of water, I thrust her upon a flat piece of ground, and there fastened or moored her, by sticking my two broken oars into the ground—one on one side, near one

end, and one on the other side, near the other end; and thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

inevitable—unavoidable.
ecstasies—joys ; pleasure.
transports—delights.
contemplation—thought.
abated—grew less.

evidently—without doubt.
destitute—needy.
stern—rear of ship.
quarter—part of ship near the stern.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Maine. He was descended from some of the best known of the New England colonists and always took great interest in our early history. He was educated in Bowdoin College of his native State, where Nathaniel Hawthorne, who became our greatest novelist, and Franklin Pierce, afterward President of the United States, were his companions.

After his graduation he passed some years in Europe, studying and travelling. On his return home he began teaching literature in Bowdoin College. After a few years he accepted a professorship in Harvard College. He bought the house in Cambridge formerly occupied by Washington as

headquarters, and in the delightful home here he passed nearly fifty years, lecturing to classes or writing poetry.

Longfellow was very fond of children and wrote many poems about them and for them. You should read "The Children's Hour," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "To a Child," "Resignation," etc.

He was a poet of the fireside, of home life, of family joys and virtues. The things that interest you about the home interested him and were the subjects of poems. He urges us to good behavior, to contented, useful lives. Poems of this kind are "The Village Blacksmith," "The Psalm of Life," "The Day is Done," "The Hanging of the Crane," etc. These poems are household words, and are known by heart by thousands of people. Not only are they known and loved in his native land, but in England, and have been translated into most of the foreign languages of Europe.

In addition, Longfellow dearly loved the legends of our early history, and has retold some of them capitably in melodious verse. The first of these was "Evangeline," a story of two lovers cruelly separated by conquerors, and exiled to different parts of our country. The youth and maiden spent the remainder of their sad lives in a fruitless search for each other.

The next of these legends to be put in verse was "Hiawatha" from which the following selection is taken. This is a story of the Indian, typified in Hiawatha. You should read the whole poem, and learn of Hiawatha's "Hunting" and of his "Sailing" and of his "Fishing" and of his "Friends" and of his "Wooing" and of his "Departure."

"The Courtship of Miles Standish" is the story of the wooing of Captain Standish, a bluff Indian fighter of colonial days. The poet himself was descended from John Alden and Priscilla, the hero and heroine of the poem.



PART ONE

1. Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wonder;
But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and faithless,
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.
2. For her daughter, long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;
"O that I were dead!" she murmured,
"O that I were dead, as thou art!
No more work, and no more weeping,
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

3. By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.
4. There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"
5. Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;

Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
 Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
 Glaring far away to northward
 In the frosty nights of Winter;
 Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
 Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
 Running straight across the heavens,
 Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

6. At the door on summer evenings
 Sat the little Hiawatha;
 Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
 Heard the lapping of the water,
 Sounds of music, words of wonder;
 "Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
 "Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

7. Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
 Flitting through the dusk of evening,
 With the twinkle of its candle
 Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
 And he sang the song of children,
 Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
 "Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
 Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
 Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
 Light me with your little candle,

Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

8. Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

9. Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

10. When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered:
 "That is but the owl and owlet,
 Talking in their native language,
 Talking, scolding at each other."

PART TWO

11. Then the little Hiawatha
 Learned of every bird its language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How they built their nests in Summer,
 Where they hid themselves in Winter,
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,
 Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."
12. Of all beasts he learned the language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How the beavers built their lodges,
 Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
 How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
 Why the rabbit was so timid,
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,
 Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."
13. Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
 He the marvellous story-teller,
 He the traveller and the talker,
 He the friend of old Nokomis,
 Made a bow for Hiawatha;

From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

14. Then he said to Hiawatha:

"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

15. Forth into the forest straightway

All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

16. Up the oak-tree, close beside him,

Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

17. And the rabbit from his pathway
 Leaped aside, and at a distance
 Sat erect upon his haunches,
 Half in fear and half in frolic,
 Saying to the little hunter,
 “Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!”
18. But he heeded not, nor heard them,
 For his thoughts were with the red deer;
 On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
 Leading downward to the river,
 To the ford across the river,
 And as one in slumber walked he.
19. Hidden in the alder-bushes,
 There he waited till the deer came,
 Till he saw two antlers lifted,
 Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
 Saw two nostrils point to windward,
 And a deer came down the pathway,
 Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
 And his heart within him fluttered,
 Trembled like the leaves above him,
 Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
 As the deer came down the pathway.

20. Then, upon one knee uprising,
 Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
 Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
 Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
 But the wary roebuck started,
 Stamped with all his hoofs together,
 Listened with one foot uplifted,
 Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
 Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
 Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

21. Dead he lay there in the forest,
 By the ford across the river;
 Beat his timid heart no longer,
 But the heart of Hiawatha
 Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
 As he bore the red deer homeward,
 And Iagoo and Nokomis
 Hailed his coming with applauses.

22. From the red deer's hide Nokomis
 Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
 From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
 Made a banquet in his honor.
 All the village came and feasted,
 All the guests praised Hiawatha,



A DEER CAME DOWN THE PATHWAY

Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

Hi-a-wa-tha.
No-ko-mis.
Mud-je-kee-wis.
Wah-o-no-win.
Gitch-e Gu-mee.
Ewa-yea.
Ish-koo-dah.

Min-ne-wa-wa.
Wah-Wah-tay-see.
I-a-goo.
O-pe-chee.
A-wais-sa.
Adj-i-dau-mo.
Mahn-go-tay-see.

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round,
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay:
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ST. MATTHEW, V

1. And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2. And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3. Blessed *are* the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4. Blessed *are* they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5. Blessed *are* the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6. Blessed *are* they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7. Blessed *are* the merciful: for they shall *obtain mercy*.

8. Blessed *are* the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9. Blessed *are* the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10. Blessed *are* they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11. Blessed are ye, when *men* shall revile you, and persecute *you*, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great *is* your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

ENTRY INTO PHILADELPHIA

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

1. I was in my working dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty from my being so long in the boat. My pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one, nor where to look for lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it, on account of my having rowed; but I insisted on their taking it. Man is sometimes more generous when he has little money than when he has plenty; perhaps to prevent his being thought to have but little.

2. I walked toward the top of the street, gazing about till near Market Street, where I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had at Boston; that sort, it seems, was not made in Philadelphia. I then asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices, nor the names of the different sorts of bread, I told him to give me threepenny worth of

any sort. He gave me accordingly three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other.

3. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and I thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned, and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

4. Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which, by this time, had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round a while, and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when some one was kind enough to rouse me. This,

therefore, was the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

5. I then walked down toward the river, and, looking in the faces of every one, I met a young Quaker man, whose countenance pleased me; and, accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get a lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," said he, "is a house where they receive strangers; but it is not a reputable one; if thee wilt walk with me, I'll show thee a better one;" and he conducted me to the Crooked Billet, in Water Street. There I got a dinner; and while I was eating, several questions were asked me as, from my youth and appearance, I was suspected of being a runaway.

6. After dinner, my host having shown me to a bed, I laid myself on it without undressing, and slept till six in the evening, when I was called to supper. I went to bed again very early, and slept very soundly till next morning. Then I dressed myself as neat as I could, and went to Andrew Bradford, the printer. I found in the shop the old man, his father, whom I had seen at New York, and who, travelling on horseback, had got to Philadelphia before me. He introduced me to his son, who received me civilly, gave me a breakfast, but told me he did not at present want a hand, being lately supplied with one; but there was

another printer in town, lately set up, one Keimer, who perhaps might employ me; if not, I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work to do now and then, till fuller business should offer.

7. The old gentleman said he would go with me to the new printer, and when we found him, "Neighbor," said Bradford, "I have brought to see you a young man of your business; perhaps you may want such a one." He asked me a few questions, put a composing-stick in my hand to see how I worked, and then said he would employ me soon, though he had just then nothing for me to do.

shilling—twelve and one-half cents. **draught**—drink.

wharf—ship landing.

Far o'er the hills and toward the dying day,
Set like a heart, a living heart, deep, deep
Within the bosom of its wide prairies,
Lies the valley of San Marcos. And there,
A princess roused from slumber by the kiss
Of balmy Southern skies, the river springs
From out her rocky bed, and hastens on
Far down the vale, to give her royal hand
In marriage to the waiting Guadalupe.

MOLLIE E. MOORE.

BABY BELL

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH



I

Have you not heard the
poets tell

How came the dainty
Baby Bell

Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were
left ajar:

With folded hands and
dreamy eyes,

Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a
star,

Hung in the glistening depths of even—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged Angels go,
Bearing the holy Dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers;
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

II

She came and brought delicious May,
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves
The robins went, the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell;
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
O, earth was full of singing-birds
And opening springtide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
Came to this world of ours!

III

O Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay—
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more:
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born!

We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
 The land beyond the morn;
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth,
(The Mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise)
For love of him who smote our lives,
 And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, *Dear Christ!*—our hearts bent down
 Like violets after rain.

IV

And now the orchards, which were white
 And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime;
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The folded chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange:
And time wrought just as rich a change
 In little Baby Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
 And in her features we could trace,
 In softened curves, her mother's face.
Her angel-nature ripened too:

We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now. . .
Around her pale angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame.

V

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things:
She was Christ's self in purity.

VI

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell—
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguage'd pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,

"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief,"
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken Baby Bell!

VII

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands;
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers. . . .
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours!

THE FORTY THIEVES

(From "The Arabian Nights")

PART ONE

1. In a town in Persia there dwelt two brothers, one named Cassim, the other Ali Baba. Cassim was married to a rich wife and lived in plenty, while Ali Baba had to maintain his wife and children by cutting wood in a neighboring forest and selling it in the town. One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, he saw a troop of men on horseback, coming toward him in a cloud of dust. He was afraid they were robbers, and climbed into a tree for safety. When they came up to him and dismounted, he counted forty of them. They unbridled their horses and tied them to trees. The finest man among them, whom Ali Baba took to be their captain, went a little way among some bushes, and said: "Open, Sesame!" so plainly that Ali Baba heard him. A door opened in the rocks, and having made the troop go in, he followed them, and the door shut again of itself.

2. They stayed some time inside, and Ali Baba, fearing they might come out and catch him, was forced to sit patiently in the tree. At last the door opened again and the Forty Thieves came out. As the Captain went in last he came out first, and made them all pass by

him; he then closed the door, saying: "Shut, Sesame!" Every man bridled his horse and mounted, the Captain put himself at their head, and they returned as they came.

3. Then Ali Baba climbed down and went to the door concealed among the bushes, and said: "Open, Sesame!" and it flew open. Ali Baba, who expected a dull, dismal place, was greatly surprised to find it large and well lighted, and hollowed by the hand of man in the form of a vault, which received the light from an opening in the ceiling. He saw rich bales of merchandise—silk, stuff-brocades all piled together, and gold and silver in heaps, and money in leather purses. He went in and the door shut behind him. He did not look at the silver, but brought out as many bags of gold as he thought his asses, which were browsing outside, could carry, loaded them with the bags, and hid it all with fagots. Using the words: "Shut, Sesame!" he closed the door and went home.

4. Then he drove his asses into the yard, shut the gates, carried the money-bags to his wife, and emptied them out before her. He bade her keep the secret, and he would go and bury the gold. "Let me first measure it," said his wife. "I will go borrow a measure of some one, while you dig the hole." So she ran to the wife of Cassim and borrowed a measure. Know-



"OPEN, SESAME!"

ing Ali Baba's poverty, the sister was curious to find out what sort of grain his wife wished to measure and artfully put suet at the bottom of the measure. Ali Baba's wife went home and set the measure on the heap of gold, and filled it and emptied it often, to her great content.

5. She then carried it back to her sister, without noticing that a piece of gold was sticking to it, which Cassim's wife perceived directly her back was turned. She grew very curious, and said to Cassim when he came home: "Cassim, your brother is richer than you. He does not count his money, he measures it." He begged her to explain this riddle, which she did by showing him the piece of money and telling him where she found it. Then Cassim grew so envious that he could not sleep, and went to his brother in the morning before sunrise. "Ali Baba," he said, showing him the gold piece, "you pretend to be poor and yet you measure gold." By this Ali Baba perceived that through his wife's folly Cassim and his wife knew their secret, so he confessed all and offered Cassim a share. "That I expect," said Cassim; "but I must know where to find the treasure, otherwise I will discover all, and you will lose all." Ali Baba, more out of kindness than fear, told him of the cave, and the very words to use. Cassim left Ali Baba meaning to be beforehand with him and get the treasure for himself.

6. He rose early next morning, and set out with ten mules loaded with great chests. He soon found the place, and the door in the rock. He said: "Open, Sesame!" and the door opened and shut behind him. He could have feasted his eyes all day on the treasures, but he now hastened to gather together as much of it as possible; but when he was ready to go he could not remember what to say for thinking of his great riches. Instead of "Sesame," he said: "Open, Barley!" and the door remained fast. He named several different sorts of grain, all but the right one, and the door still stuck fast. He was so frightened at the danger he was in that he had as much forgotten the word as if he had never heard it.

7. About noon the robbers returned to their cave, and saw Cassim's mules roving about with great chests on their backs. This gave them the alarm; they drew their sabers and went to the door, which opened on their captain saying: "Open, Sesame." Cassim, who had heard the trampling of their horses' feet, resolved to sell his life dearly, so when the door opened he leaped out and threw the captain down. In vain, however, for the robbers with their sabers soon killed him. On entering the cave they saw all the bags laid ready, and could not imagine how any one had got in without knowing their secret. They cut Cassim's body into four quarters and nailed them up inside the cave, in

order to frighten any one who should venture in, and went away in search of more treasure.

8. As night drew on Cassim's wife grew very uneasy, and ran to her brother-in-law and told him where her husband had gone. Ali Baba did his best to comfort her, and set out to the forest in search of Cassim. The first thing he saw on entering the cave was his dead brother. Full of horror, he put the body on one of his asses, and bags of gold on the other two, and covering all with some fagots, returned home. He drove the two asses laden with gold into his own yard, and led the other to Cassim's house. The door was opened by the slave, Morgiana, whom he knew to be both brave and cunning. Unloading the ass he said to her: "This is the body of your master, who has been murdered, but whom we must bury as though he had died in bed. I will speak with you again, but now tell your mistress I am come." The wife of Cassim, on learning the fate of her husband, broke out into cries and tears, but Ali Baba offered to take her to live with him and his wife if she would promise to keep his counsel, and leave everything to Morgiana; whereupon she agreed and wiped her eyes.

PART TWO

9. The captain of the robbers ordered his men to go into the neighboring villages and buy nineteen mules,

and thirty-eight leather jars, all empty, except one which was to be full of oil. The captain put one of his men, fully armed, into each, rubbing the outside of the jars with oil from the full vessel. Then the nineteen mules were loaded with thirty-seven robbers in jars, and the jar of oil, and reached the town by dusk. The captain stopped his mules in front of Ali Baba's house, and said to Ali Baba, who was sitting outside for coolness: "I have brought some oil from a distance to sell at to-morrow's market, but it is now so late that I know not where to pass the night, unless you will do me the favor to take me in."

10. Though Ali Baba had seen the captain of the robbers in the forest he did not recognize him in the disguise of an oil merchant. He bade him welcome, opened his gates for the mules to enter, and went to Morgiana to bid her prepare a bed and supper for his guest. He brought the stranger into his hall, and after they had supped went again to speak to Morgiana in the kitchen, while the captain went into the yard under pretence of seeing after his mules, but really to tell his men what to do. Beginning at the first jar and ending at the last, he said to each man: "As soon as I throw some stones from the window of the chamber where I lie, cut the jars open with your knives and come out, and I will be with you in a trice." He returned to the house, and Morgiana led him to his chamber. She then

told Abdallah, her fellow-slave to set on the pot to make some broth for her master, who had gone to bed. Meanwhile her lamp went out, and she had no more oil in the house. "Do not be uneasy," said Abdallah; "go into the yard and take some out of one of those jars." Morgiana thanked him for his advice, took the oil pot, and went into the yard. When she came to the first jar the robber inside said softly, "Is it time?"

11. Any other slave but Morgiana, on finding a man in the jar instead of the oil she wanted, would have screamed and made a noise; but she, knowing the danger her master was in, bethought herself of a plan, and answered quietly, "Not yet, but presently." She went to all the jars, giving the same answer, till she came to the jar of oil. She now saw that her master, thinking to entertain an oil merchant, had let thirty-eight robbers into his house. She filled her oil pot, went back to the kitchen, and, having lit her lamp, went again to the oil jar and filled a large kettle full of oil. When it boiled she went and poured enough oil into every jar to stifle and kill the robber inside. When this brave deed was done she went back to the kitchen, put out the fire and the lamp, and waited to see what would happen.

12. In a quarter of an hour the captain of the robbers awoke, got up, and opened the window. As all seemed quiet he threw down some little pebbles which hit the

jars. He listened, and as none of his men seemed to stir he grew uneasy, and went down into the yard. On going to the first jar and saying, "Are you asleep?" he smelt the hot boiled oil, and knew at once that his plot to murder Ali Baba and his household had been discovered. He found all the gang were dead, and, missing the oil out of the last jar, became aware of the manner of their death. He then forced the lock of a door leading into a garden, and climbing over several walls made his escape. Morgiana heard and saw all this and, rejoicing at her success, went to bed and fell asleep.

sesame—grain.

A-li Ba-ba.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year you must not die:
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HYMN

BY HENRY TIMROD



Timrod (1829-1867) was a South Carolina poet. His life was brief and his volume of work therefore small. His verse is exquisitely finished, showing rich fancy and a fine sense of melody. "The Cotton Boll" is one of his longest and best poems.

He early developed consumption and his work was done under the shadow of the dread disease. He was passionately in love with the South

and served in the War in its cause. He did not long survive its defeat.

(Sung at an Anniversary of the Asylum of Orphans
at Charleston.)

1. We scarce, O God! could lisp thy name,
When those who loved us passed away,
And left us but Thy love to claim,
With but an infant's strength to pray.

2. Thou gav'st that Refuge and that Shrine,
At which we learn to know Thy ways;
Father! the fatherless are Thine!
Thou wilt not spurn the orphan's praise.
3. Yet hear a single cry of pain!
Lord! whilst we dream in quiet beds,
The summer sun and winter rain
Beat still on many homeless heads.
4. And o'er this weary earth, we know,
Young outcasts roam the waste and wave;
And little hands are clasped in woe
Above some tender mother's grave.
5. Ye winds! keep every storm aloof,
And kiss away the tears they weep!
Ye skies, that make their only roof,
Look gently on their houseless sleep!
6. And Thou, O Friend and Father! find
A home to shield their helpless youth!
Dear hearts to love—sweet ties to bind—
And guide and guard them in the truth!

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

1. The news of the taking of Kildrummie, the captivity of his wife, and the execution of his brother, reached Bruce while he was residing in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin, and reduced him to the point of despair.

2. It was about this time that an incident took place which, although it rests only on tradition in families of the name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last unpleasant intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to obtain the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland, while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful.

3. While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and

his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavoring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials, and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at.

4. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country more."

5. While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider,

resolved to try his own fortune, and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards suffered any great check or defeat.

6. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce so completely persuaded of the truth of this story that they would not on any account kill a spider; because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake.

allies—friends.

Pal-es-tine.

Sar'-a-cens—wandering tribes of
the far East.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

RULES OF CONDUCT

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON

Washington (1732-1799) had no ambition to become an author. Considering the great figure he played in the world's affairs there are very few writings bearing his name. He was in his time the first soldier and the first statesman of his country—he was “first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen.” But his writings are almost wholly state papers and addresses demanded by custom or the conditions under which he served his country. These papers are marked by clearness, fairness, good judgment and great dignity. The “Rules” printed below were written by their author when he was a young man and were composed chiefly for his own guidance.

1. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.
2. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.
3. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.
4. Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes; it savors of arrogance.
5. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.
6. Wherein you reprove another be unblamable yourself; for example is more prevalent than precepts.
7. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

8. Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

9. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

10. Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

11. Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

12. When you speak of God or His attributes, let it be seriously in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.

13. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

14. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience.

discourse—conversation.

savors—partakes.

arrogancy—pride ; haughtiness.

prevalent—more influence.

precepts—commands.

disparagement—injury.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant
Riding on the rail.

JOHN G. SAXE.

FOUNDING OF A PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



FRANKLIN'S PRESS

1. Meredith came, accordingly, in the evening, when we talked my affair over. He had conceived a great regard for me, and was very unwilling that I should leave the house while he remained in it. He dissuaded me from returning to my native country, which I began to think of. He reminded me that Keimer was in debt for all he possessed; that his creditors began to be uneasy; that he kept his shop miserably, sold often without a profit for ready money, and often trusted without keeping accounts; that he must therefore fail, which would make a vacancy I might profit of.

2. I objected my want of money. He then let me know that his father had a high opinion of me, and, from some discourse that had passed between them, he was sure would advance money to set me up, if I would enter into partnership with him. "My time," said he, "will be out with Keimer in the spring; by that time we may have our press and types in from London. I am sensible I am no workman. If you

like it, your skill in the business shall be set against the stock I furnish, and we will share the profits equally."

3. The proposal was agreeable to me, and I consented. His father was in town, and approved of it; the more as he said I had great influence with his son; had prevailed on him to abstain long from dram-drinking, and he hoped might break him of that wretched habit entirely, when we came to be so closely connected. I gave an inventory to the father, who carried it to a merchant; the things were sent for, the secret was to be kept till they should arrive, and in the meantime I was to get work, if I could, at the other printing-house.

4. But I found no vacancy there, and so remained idle a few days, when Keimer, on a prospect of being employed to print some paper money in New Jersey, which would require cuts and various types that I only could supply, and apprehending Bradford might engage me and get the job from him, sent me a very civil message, that old friends should not part for a few words, the effects of sudden passion, and wishing me to return. Meredith persuaded me to comply, as it would give more opportunity for his improvement under my daily instructions; so I returned, and we went on more smoothly than for some time before. The New Jersey job was obtained. I contrived a

copper-plate press for it, the first that had been seen in the country. I cut several ornaments and checks for the bills. We went together to Burlington, where I executed the whole to satisfaction; and he received so large a sum for the work as to be enabled thereby to keep himself longer from ruin.

5. We had not been long returned to Philadelphia,



A PRESS OF TO-DAY

before the new types arrived from London. We settled with Keimer, and left him by his consent before he heard of it.

6. We found a house to let near the market, and took it. To lessen the rent, which was then but twenty-four pounds a year, though I have since known it let for seventy, we took in Thomas Godfrey, a glazier, and his family, who were to pay a considerable part of it to us, and we to board with them. We had scarce

opened our letters, and put our press in order, before George House, an acquaintance of mine, brought a countryman to us, whom he had met in the street, inquiring for a printer. All our cash was now expended in the variety of particulars we had been obliged to procure, and this countryman's five shillings, being our first-fruits, and coming so seasonably, gave me more pleasure than any crown I have since earned; and the gratitude I felt towards House has made me often more ready, than perhaps I otherwise should have been, to assist young beginners.

7. There are croakers in every country, always boding its ruin. Such an one lived in Philadelphia; a person of note, an elderly man, with a wise look, and a very grave manner of speaking; his name was Samuel Mickle. This gentleman, a stranger to me, stopped me one day at my door, and asked me if I was the young man who had lately opened a new printing house. Being answered in the affirmative, he said he was sorry for me, because it was an expensive undertaking, and the expense would be lost; for Philadelphia was a sinking place, the people already half bankrupts, or near being so; all the appearances of the contrary, such as new buildings and the rise of rents, being to his certain knowledge fallacious, for they were in fact among the things that would ruin us. Then he gave me such a detail of misfortunes

now existing, or that were soon to exist, that he left me half melancholy.

8. Had I known him before I engaged in this business, probably I never should have done it. This person continued to live in this decaying place, and to declaim in the same strain, refusing for many years to buy a house there, because all was going to destruction; and at last I had the pleasure of seeing him give five times as much for one, as he might have bought it for when he first began croaking.

conceived—heeded; entertained.

dissuaded—urged against.

abstain—avoid.

inventory—list.

glazier—man who handles glass.

gratitude—thankfulness.

affirmation—in favor of.

fallacious—false ; misleading.

detail—small part.

melancholy—sad ; gloomy.

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but work divine,
Made so fairly well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

ALFRED TENNYSON.



NESTS

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

Burroughs (1837-) has studied the lives of animals with the same patience and ability that scholars have studied history or mathematics or other subjects taught in schools. In his books on nature, "Wake Robin," "Winter Sunshine," "Pepacton," and so on, he presents charming accounts of how the birds and bees and squirrels and other animals live.

He has a fruit farm up the Hudson, where he lives an out-door life on familiar terms with the world he loves.

1. The song-birds nearly all build low; their cradle is not upon the tree top. It is only birds of prey that fear danger from below more than from above that seek the higher branches for their nests, A line five feet from the ground would run above over half the nests, and one ten feet would bound more than three-fourths of them. It is only the oriole and the wood pewee that, as a rule, go higher than this. The crows and jays and other enemies of the birds have learned to explore this

belt pretty thoroughly. But the leaves and the protective coloring of most nests baffle them as effectively, no doubt, as they do the professional oölogist.

2. The nest of the red-eyed vireo is one of the most artfully placed in the wood. It is just beyond the point where the eye naturally pauses in its search namely, on the extreme end of the lowest branch of the tree, usually four or five feet from the ground. One looks up and down and through the tree, shoots his eye-beams into it as he might discharge his gun at some hidden game there, but the drooping tip of that low horizontal branch—who would think of pointing his piece just there? If a crow or other marauder were to alight upon the branch or upon those above it, the nest would be screened from him by the large leaf that usually forms a canopy immediately above it. The nest-hunter, standing at the foot of the tree and looking straight before him, might discover it easily, were it not for its soft, neutral gray tint which blends so thoroughly with the trunks and branches of trees. Indeed, I think there is no nest in the woods—no arboreal nest—so well concealed. The last one I saw was pendent from the end of a low branch of a maple, that nearly grazed the clapboards of an unused hay-barn in a remote backwoods clearing. I peeped through a crack and saw the old birds feed the nearly fledged young within a few inches of my face.

3. And yet the cow-bird finds this nest and drops her parasitical egg in it. Her tactics in this, as in other cases, are probably to watch the movement of the parent bird. She may often be seen searching anxiously through the trees or bushes for a suitable nest, yet she may still oftener be seen perched upon some good point of observation watching the birds as they come and go about her. There is no doubt that, in many cases, the cow-bird makes room for her own illegitimate egg in the nest by removing one of the bird's own. When the cow-bird finds two or more eggs in a nest in which she wishes to deposit her own, she will remove one of them. I found a sparrow's nest with two sparrow's eggs and one cow-bird's egg, and another egg lying a foot or so below it on the ground. I replaced the rejected egg, and the next day found it again removed, and another cow-bird's egg in its place; I put it back the second time, when it was again rejected, or destroyed, for I failed to find it anywhere. Very alert and sensitive birds like the warblers often bury the strange egg beneath a second nest built on top of the old.

4. A lady, living in the suburbs of an Eastern city, one morning heard cries of distress from a pair of house wrens that had a nest in a honeysuckle on her front porch. On looking out of the window, she beheld this little comedy—comedy from her point of view, but no doubt grim tragedy from the point of view of the wrens;

a cow-bird with a wren's egg in its beak running rapidly along the walk, with the outraged wrens forming a procession behind it, screaming, scolding and gesticulating as only these voluble little birds can. The cow-bird had probably been surprised in the act of violating the nest, and the wrens were giving her a piece of their minds.

tragedies—serious, shocking events.

effectually—completely.

marauder—plunderer; thief.

neutral—not taking either side.

arboreal—relating to the tree.

parasitical—not belonging to.

tactics—management.

illegitimate—not one's own.

rejected—thrown out; disowned.



THOMAS JEFFERSON

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE

PART ONE



1. On the day when Patrick Henry made his great speech against the Stamp Act, a number of students from William and Mary College were standing at the door listening. Among these was a young man of twenty-two, who drank in every word. When he was

afterward asked about the debate, he said it was "most bloody." He was unknown at the time, but was destined to become as famous as Henry himself; for the name of this youth was Thomas Jefferson.

2. I have told you that I meant to try and give you some idea of these men of the Revolution as they appeared every day to their friends and those who knew them best. This I can do in the easiest way by giving you anecdotes and familiar details of them, from which you will see how they passed their time, and what their real characters were. Jefferson has told us himself, in

his letters, about his youthful days; and as these were very different from his after life as a famous statesman and ruler, I will tell you about them, to show you what a gay youth this great man was.

3. He was the son of a wealthy farmer in Albemarle County, Virginia, and was born in the month of April, 1743. As was then the fashion, he was sent to William and Mary College at Williamsburg, and here for a part of his time he studied very hard. While not thus engaged he was visiting young ladies, and from all accounts he was very much liked by them. He was tall and not very graceful, and had sandy hair; but he was full of wit and fun, and fond of dancing and other amusements. There is no reason to believe that he neglected his studies for the society of young ladies, but he certainly had his share of the fun and frolic around him. He tells us so himself.

4. He had a friend named John Page, who was afterward Governor of Virginia, and wrote him a number of letters, which were published. In these he gave an account of his daily doings, and it is amusing to read them. In one he describes a night which he spent at an old country house, where the rain leaked upon his watch, and the rats ate up his pocket-book and garters, which were then worn by men; and in another he speaks of "dancing with Belinda in the 'Apollo,'" and tells his friends how happy he felt while doing so.

5. The "Apollo" was a large room in the old Raleigh Tavern at Williamsburg, and became famous afterward, like Faneuil Hall in Boston, as the place of meeting of the patriots. At that early day, however, it was only used as a ballroom, and the "Belinda" the young man speaks of was a young lady with whom he had fallen in love. His letters are full of her; and it is amusing to find a person, who afterward became the grave President of the United States, breaking forth into exclamations at the delight he felt in dancing with her. They were never married, and young Jefferson either was, or pretended to be, very disconsolate. He meant to rig out a boat, he said, and sail to Europe, and remain absent two years; but this was probably a jest, and he turned his attention elsewhere.

6. Soon afterward he left college and began the practice of law, and it was not till he was nearly thirty that he was married. On this occasion an interesting little scene occurred; and as it gives us a good idea of his light-hearted disposition, I will relate it.

7. His bride was a beautiful young widow of Charles City County, named Mrs. Skelton. She was about twenty-three, and lived at a place called "The Forest"; and, as she was very wealthy, she had a number of admirers. Of these she preferred Mr. Thomas Jefferson, and in January, 1772, they were married at "The Forest." It was an old Virginia party, with crowds

of friends and relatives, huge roaring fires, and music and dancing, which was kept up throughout the night. On the next morning the bride and groom set out in their carriage, drawn by four horses, for the mountains, where Jefferson lived, and then their troubles began.

8. It was the depth of winter, and a snowstorm began to fall. They stopped at "Blenheim," the residence of Colonel Carter, not far from the end of their journey; but as the family were not at home, they determined to push on and reach "Monticello," the name of Jefferson's place, before night. They therefore continued their way, but it proved a terrible undertaking. The snow was falling steadily, and the mountain roads were full of drifts, through which they could scarcely force their way. The horses plunged and snorted, and the coach rolled from side to side, and it seemed probable that they would be compelled to spend the night in the fields or forests, without fire or food. It must have tried the young lady's courage, but she laughed and kept up her good spirits, and at last the coach plunged through and ascended the winding road to "Monticello."

9. The sight before them was dreary enough. The hill was covered with snow, and not a light or fire was to be seen. But this did not affect the young married couple. Jefferson opened a small pavilion, and led his bride in. He then kindled a fire, and brought out

a bottle of wine and some biscuits from behind the books on the shelves, and they supped and laughed, and sang, and were as gay as if they had been two children enjoying a frolic.

10. This is one of the small incidents which I set out with the intention of relating. They are not very important in themselves, but they afford us an idea of the persons who figured in them, and that is precisely what we wish to obtain. Jefferson's good humor on this occasion shows one trait in his character which many persons gave him no credit for; and I have always thought of this little incident with pleasure. The snow was falling and the wind blowing outside the mountain pavilion, but within all was warmth and laughter. They were happy, for they loved each other, and did not mind the snow. None of us mind it in youth, when those we love are beside us. As we grow old they leave us sometimes, and the snow settles in our hearts—when we have a dreary time enough.

PART TWO

11. In the spring of 1773, which was the year after his marriage, Thomas Jefferson took his seat in the House of Burgesses. He was only about thirty, and therefore quite a young man still, but it soon became plain that he would be one of the greatest leaders of the Revolution. He was a very poor speaker, and it

is doubtful whether he ever made a regular speech in his life; but he was an excellent writer, and this was the foundation of his fame. He wrote a pamphlet on the subject of the quarrel between England and America, which was so defiant that he was declared a traitor by the English government. But this had no effect upon him. He said what he thought, and men like himself are always ready to support their opinions.

12. He was heart and soul for resistance to England, and now became the author of one of the greatest of all plans for uniting the colonies. This was a "Committee of Correspondence," whose duty it was to write to similar committees to be formed in other parts of the country, by which means each colony would know what the rest were ready to do. Jefferson proposed this, and the committee was appointed. The effect was soon seen. From the North to the South the scattered colonies formed one country in their resistance to oppression; and through their committees they made an arrangement to meet in Congress at Philadelphia.

13. In these movements at Williamsburg, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson were the great leaders. Each had his peculiar gift. Jefferson could not speak, but was a powerful writer. Henry could not write, but was a wonderful orator. Thus each did his part, and urged resistance as the only course now left. The

Burgesses followed their suggestions, and the English government "dissolved" the body, as it was called; but they determined to meet at the Raleigh Tavern, in the "Apollo Room," and did so. Here they consulted as to the next step. Jefferson was among them.

14. He must have looked around him, and remembered the days of his youth, when he was so well acquainted with the old apartment. He had danced many a set with "Belinda" and other young ladies in this very room when he was a thoughtless young man; and now he was a grave statesman, organizing revolution on the same floor which he had danced upon. He must have closed his eyes sometimes, and fancied he heard the music again; for even the busiest men find time to go back in this way often, and return in memory to the happy days of their youth.

15. I have mentioned the General Congress of the colonies which met at Philadelphia. Jefferson was one of the delegates to it, and in the year 1776 he became immortal in American history as the author of the Declaration of Independence. In May of that year, Virginia suggested that this declaration should be made, and directed Richard Henry Lee, one of her most distinguished patriots, to move the resolution. He did so, and Congress resolved that the declaration should be made; after which they looked about for a person to write it.

16. The choice fell upon Jefferson. His powers as a writer were well known. His style was plain, vigorous, and went straight to the point. What he had to say he said clearly always, and he knew well what to say. The colonies meant in this great paper to declare themselves independent, and give the reasons for doing so; and, sitting down in an old house in Philadelphia, Jefferson wrote the Declaration.

17. It was then offered to Congress, and a hot debate took place upon it. Jefferson had no share in this; he left the struggle to the great John Adams and other friends, who fought like giants for it. The time had come to declare that the colonies were independent, and Congress resolved that this declaration should be made in the terms used by Jefferson. It was passed with a few changes which did not alter the meaning, and was the crown of Jefferson's fame as a statesman.

18. It was natural that he should be proud of it. By his own request, the words "Author of the Declaration of American Independence" were cut upon his tombstone.

anecdotes—short stories.

pavilion—a small house; a tent.

incident—happening.

traitor—a friend who becomes unfaithful.

resistance—opposition.

determined—decided.

organizing—forming.

delegates—representatives.

immortal—eternal; deathless.

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE

BY ABRAM J. RYAN



Father Ryan (1840-1886) was a Catholic priest of New Orleans. His literary work is a volume of poems. Nowhere in our literature is revealed a more loving or more spirited devotion to the South. His "The Conquered Banner" and "Sword of Lee" are classics in the land he loved so well. Besides the spirited war lyrics he has many poems breathing a deep religious faith.

1. Forth from its scabbard pure and bright
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right
Its stainless sheen like a beacon light
Led us to Victory.
2. Out of its scabbard where full long
It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,

Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
Gleamed the sword of Lee.

3. Forth from its scabbard high in air
Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there
And knew who bore it knelt to swear,
That where that sword led, they would dare
To follow and to die.
4. Out of its scabbard!—never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a Cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee.
5. Forth from its scabbard!—how we prayed
That sword might victor be!
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee.
6. Forth from its scabbard! all in vain
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;

'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again;
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain;
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

scabbard—case for a sword.

beacon—guiding light.

avenging—imposing just punishment.

victor—conqueror.

sheath—scabbard.

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